CHILDREN'S DEPT.
MAIN LIBRARY CHILDREN'S ROOM
PUBLIC LIBRARY
AUG 30 1928
DETROIT

THE HORN BOOK

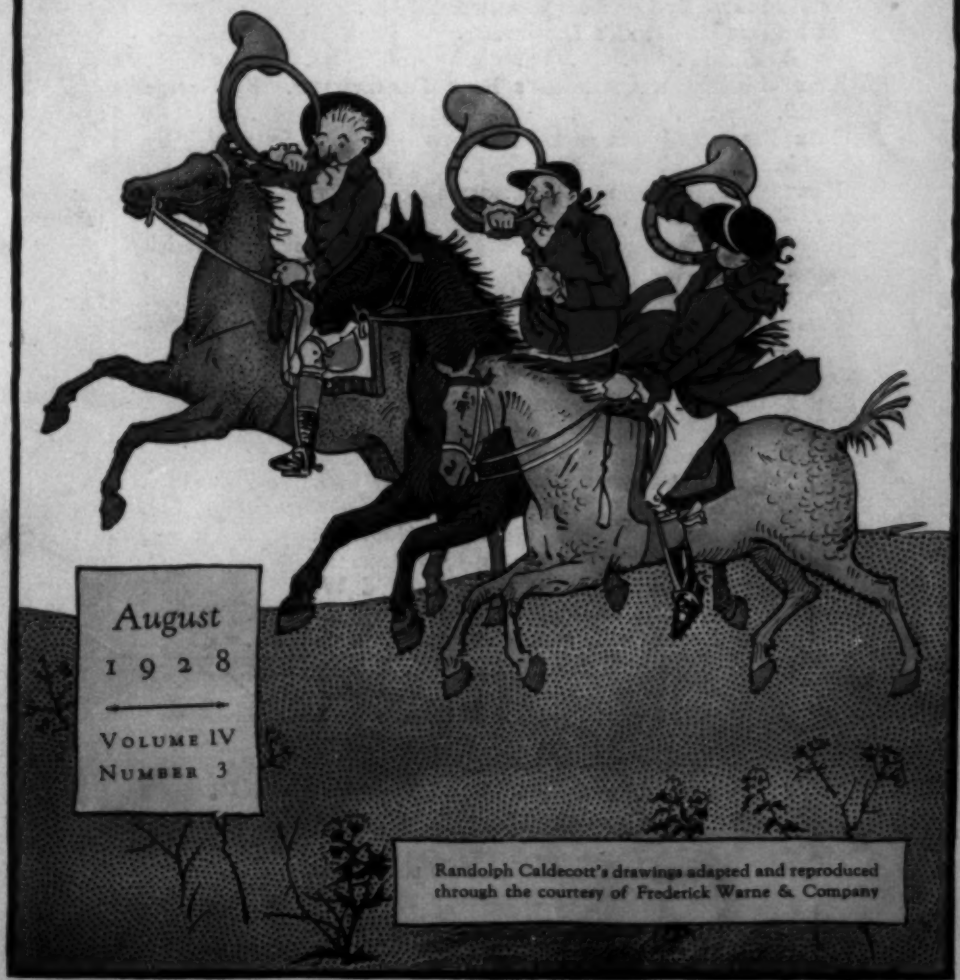
Magazine

Published Four Times a Year

By

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls

WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION
270 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



August
1928

VOLUME IV
NUMBER 3

Randolph Caldecott's drawings adapted and reproduced through the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Company

THE HORN BOOK

Volume IV AUGUST, 1928 *Number 3*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAGE

In August. By Elizabeth Coatsworth 1
The First Children's Department in Book Publishing. By B. E. M. 3
The Macmillan Children's Book Department. By George P. Brett 25
The Person Makes the Publisher — Louise Seaman. By Margaret Pinckney King 28
How "The Wonderful Locomotive" Happened. By Cornelia Meigs 32
Elizabeth MacKinstry — Portrait of a Stylist. By Josiah Titzell 34
Boris Artzybasheff. By Padraic Colum 38
Pamela Bianco's Preface to Her Selection of Blake's Poems — "The Land of Dreams" 41
The Road to Cathay. By Merriam Sherwood 45
An Extraordinary Grandfather. By Jane Garey Barus . . 48
"Berta and Elmer" and Their Picture Books. By Louise H. Seaman 52
"Bambi: A Life in the Woods." Reviewed by Clyde Fisher . 58
Reading Contest and Young People's Book Notes . . . 60
The Astrologer's Tower. By Bertha Gunterman 63
The Love of Grotesquerie. By John Bennett 67
"Realms of Gold Including Books." By E. W. 71
Other Children's Book Departments Since 1918 . . . 74
Some 1928 Books of Children's Book Departments . . . 77

Published Quarterly in February, May, August and November
by THE BOOKSHOP FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 270 Boylston Street, Boston

Editor: BERTHA E. MAHONY
Assistant Editor: ELINOR WHITNEY

Subscription price, $1.00; single copies, 25 cents

Entered as second class matter March 10, 1926, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyrighted, 1928, in the United States
by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston

IN AUGUST

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

In August surely all the trees
Are minarets or canopies,
Yet though they have such lovely forms
They're not too proud to serve in storms
As plain umbrellas staunchly set
To keep dry cows from getting wet.

LOUISE H. SEAMAN

THE HORN BOOK

Volume IV AUGUST, 1928 *Number 3*

THE FIRST CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT IN BOOK PUBLISHING

TEN years ago it seemed that all the best books for boys and girls had been published. A fine new book was a rare and exciting event. While our hopes centered about Eliza Orne White, Beulah Marie Dix and John Masefield, the height of our expectations lay with the coming of an attractive new edition of a favorite or classic book, usually an importation from England, and with Scribner's illustrated classics as one of the most important annual events.

Ten years ago, too, the vogue of colored illustrations and attractive format had set in, and gay dress and colored pictures were held to cover thinness, triviality, or worse in text—"the kind of thing children like," as the salesmen so often expressed it. Nor was it an unusual occurrence for a mother who appeared intelligent to turn away from Howard Pyle's clear and distinguished black and white pictures and choose a book on account of colored pictures, blurred in drawing and absolutely lacking in character and distinction.

From "The Wonderful Locomotive"

But in spite of this new wealth of color, a fine picture book happened far, far less frequently than a good story. Our pitifully small list of picture books remained the same year after year with no additions to the masters' group occupied by Crane, Caldecott, Kate Greenaway and Leslie Brooke. We examined wistfully the beautiful German, Swedish, Bohemian and French picture books, wondering why we could not make beautiful books like these in America. As we think back to our Bookshop stock of 1916, 1917 and the first half of 1918, the books for boys and girls beyond the nursery age which stand out in our minds as combining some beauty of form with fine text are the American books illustrated by Howard Pyle, Maxfield Parrish, N. C. Wyeth, Jessie Willcox Smith and Boyd Smith and published by Harper, Scribner, Duffield and Houghton, and a larger group of English books imported by Dutton, Macmillan, Doubleday and Stokes, and presenting the fine illustrative work of such artists as The Robinson Brothers, Arthur Rackham, Francis Bedford, Warwick Goble, Charles Folkard, Edmund Dulac and others.

We had puzzled from the beginning over the way in which children's books were published. Why were certain manuscripts ever chosen for publication? Why, in the case of a fine manuscript, wasn't the book given a more fitting and expressive dress? Why was material of unusual excellence allowed to lie dully on publishers' lists for lack of new dress? We are inclined to believe the answer was (and still is in many places) that the children's books were not the responsibility of *one* able person.

In the year 1918 two important and far-reaching events occurred in the publishing of books for young people: — (1) The Macmillan Company created a separate children's department; and (2) the President of that firm, Mr. George P. Brett, one of the ablest and wisest men in the publishing profession, selected the peculiarly right young *woman* as head of the new department.

We do not mean to depreciate or minimize the splendid publishing of books which men have done but we do believe that men (with few exceptions) have been baffled and groping where children's books are concerned and that they have not had the vision to shape their organization so that the right people have had the necessary time for these books. There seems every natural reason why women, properly qualified, should be particularly successful in the selection of children's books to publish and their publishing. When it comes to deciding upon the format of a book, it is more like dressing a little girl than anything else. One chooses every detail of her wardrobe in harmony with herself. So with a book, its size, type, style of printing, cover material and color of cover, book paper and jacket, manner of illustration — all should be selected to express the book itself. To this delightful task women would seem to bring particular interest and ability.

We want in children's books what we want in books for ourselves: — life and art in all their infinite variety and richness. In the history of books and their making there is much delightful and genial literature based on the friendly and understanding relationships between authors and artists and their publishers. This would seem to have been the atmosphere of more leisurely times than these. Time is such an important factor in all creative things. That is why we put first in importance Mr. Brett's decision to create a Children's Department with its own head. By doing this he arranged for time — time for all the phases of publishing, — time for the kind of relation with authors and publishers which is most fruitful; time for that creative listening which lies at the root of the finest publishing; time for those outside contacts so full of adventure, surprises and vitality for a publisher; time for the enjoyment of manuscript reading (which means not being dulled by the drudgery of too much reading of poor manuscripts); time for meditation on the fine manuscript one will publish; and time for planning and working with the manufacturing department on the garments of the book.

Time and organization are sterile, however, without the magic of personality to use and transform them, and Mr. Brett's second important contribution to children's books was in his selection of the unusually able, talented and vigorous person of verve and imagination that Louise Seaman is. In her department since 1918 she has set a pace strong and high, to the tremendous gain of books for young people. Her books to be published this fall represent in so dramatic a manner what has been accomplished in the past ten years and show such a fruition of the arts which she has been learning to unite and give to boys and girls and everybody so richly, that it seemed the time to express our appreciation through The Horn Book and to try to show our readers what this last decade has meant to us in the field of books for young people.

We are going to show you the catalogue pages describing these books as we saw them for the first time, while we examined the books themselves or the "thin dummies" (that is, the jacket, cover and a few pages of text). Since that time we have had these books in their entirety to read, and they have fulfilled the promise of that first examination.

PAGES FROM
THE MACMILLAN FALL ANNOUNCEMENT
1928
BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHILDREN'S CLASSICS: NEW TITLES

Johnny Appleseed and Other Poems.

By VACHEL LINDSAY. Illustrated by GEORGE M. RICHARDS. The Children's Classics. Cloth, 12mo. $1.75. (Ages, 8-12.)

You need only recall The Moon's the North Wind's Cooky; The Potatoes' Dance; The Broncho that Wouldn't Be Broken—to realize how Vachel Lindsay appeals to, and stimulates, the poetry sense in boys and girls. This new selection from his poems ends with Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight, The Chinese Nightingale, and verses from the Litany of the Heroes. Its title poem tells the story of Lindsay's greatest American, a hero for every boy and girl.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon.

Illustrated by HEDVIG COLLIN. The Children's Classics. Cloth, 12mo. $1.75. (Ages, 8-10.)

These stories were selected and illustrated by a Scandinavian artist, who had known them for years, and made many sketches for them in Norway and Sweden. Miss Collin discussed them with us in New York and Paris, and finished them in Denmark. All of them still keep the light, swift line of her sketch book, the clear, bright colors of the northern mountains.

THE CHILDREN'S CLASSICS: NEW TITLES

Juniper Farm.

By RENÉ BAZIN. Translated by MARGERY BIANCO. Illustrated by ANNE MERRIMAN PECK. The Children's Classics. Cloth, 12mo. $1.75. (Ages, 8-12.)

M. Bazin, a member of the French Acadamy, wrote "Il était quatre petits enfants" shortly after the war. It was to remind French people, young and old, of the resources of their country and the happiness of rural life. It gives a colorful picture of the busy times on Juniper Farm and tells how four children of the farmer started their careers. There is no story of French family life of to-day to surpass it for young people. Anne Peck's sketches and colored woodcuts are based on a full notebook, kept during her long stay in France. Mrs. Bianco's translation lives up to the high quality of M. Bazin's fine prose, and appeals to American children as only the work of the author of "The Little Wooden Doll" and "Poor Cecco" could do.

The Story of Reynard the Fox.

Translated from the French version of ODETTE LARRIEU. With many illustrations. The Children's Classics. Cloth, 12mo. $1.75.

Tales from one of the greatest collections of animal stories in the world. All have one hero or villain, Reynard. The humor of the old French verse, its vigor and its rhythm, have been carried over into this modern French prose edition, recently published abroad, and also into the first English translation. The four color illustrations and the many brilliant and nonsensical silhouettes come from the same new French edition.

THE LITTLE LIBRARY: NEW TITLES

Little Dog Toby.

Written and illustrated by RACHEL FIELD. The Little Library. Cloth, 16mo. $1.00. (Ages, 8-10.)

Could there ever be another story of England, of the last century, worthy to stand beside "The Memoirs of a London Doll"? We think Miss Field has written it. The hero is a dog whose counterpart you might see in London of to-day, but might more often have seen with the Punch and Judy shows of the fifties.

Thumbelina.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Illustrated by EINAR NERMAN. The Little Library. Cloth, 16mo. $1.00. (Ages, 6-8.)

The tiny heroine who lived in a flower and had for her best friends a butterfly and a swallow, dances through these pages in new pictures that the children will love. Mr. Nerman is an illustrator well known in Sweden and in London, where he is on the staff of *The Tatler*. His exhibition recently held in New York was opened by Prince William of Sweden.

The Nürnberg Stove.

By OUIDA. Illustrated by FRANK BOYD. The Little Library. Cloth, 16mo. $1.00. (Ages, 8-10.)

With wood block views of old Nürnberg, and with many striking pictures of the famous stove, the poodle dogs, and the little hero loved so long by boys and girls, Frank Boyd has made this famous story live again.

The Road to Cathay.

By MERRIAM SHERWOOD and ELMER MANTZ.
Illustrated by WILLIAM SIEGEL. Cloth, large 8vo. $3.50.

CONTENTS

THE WAYFARERS
THE MOVING CITY
THE GOLDEN HORDE
THE ROAD TO KARAKORUM
THE ROAD TO CAMBALUC
OF THE GREAT CITY OF CAMBALUC
CATHAYAN MARVELS
OF WHAT LAY SOUTH-WEST OF CAMBALUC
WHAT THE TRAVELERS SAW WHEN THEY WENT SOUTH FROM CAMBALUC ALONG THE SEA
OF THE GREAT CITIES OF MANZI
OF THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH
THE FOUR RIVERS OF PARADISE
THE WONDERS OF IND
OF THE LAND OF PERSIA
OF THE LANDS BEYOND PERSIA
OF THE LANDS BETWEEN THE BLACK SEA AND THE RED

(See Illustrated Books Section, Page 13. An important gift book for older boys and girls.)

The White Cat. And Other Old French Fairy Tales. By Mme. La Comtesse D'Aulnoy.

Edited by RACHEL FIELD. Illustrated by ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY. Boards with cloth back, tall 4to. $3.00.

Every artist has a favorite book, which he has always longed to illustrate in exactly his own way. With Elizabeth MacKinstry that book has been d'Aulnoy's fairy tales. For years she has treasured sketches of "The White Cat" and has discussed with her friend Rachel Field which of this treasure house of old French tales children of to-day would like best. Meanwhile, both artist and author have grown in fame and in ability at fine bookmaking.

Recently in France, Miss MacKinstry steeped herself again in the eighteenth century tradition, while renewing the love of French bookmaking which her childhood in Paris had made part of her artistic life. All this rich background and contemplation have gone into the careful planning and joyous illustrating of her new book, "The White Cat." Here are her famous brisk line, her delightful humor, her decorative sense, plus a faithfulness to the France of the original tales, and a certain added daintiness.

Eight full pages are done, in five unusual and delicious colors. These include a most wonderfully decorated title page. The binding is in four pieces, and the jacket in five colors.

The Land of Dreams.

Poems by WILLIAM BLAKE. Selected and illustrated by PAMELA BIANCO. Cloth, $2.00.

When Pamela Bianco had her first exhibition at twelve years of age, in London, Mr. de la Mare was inspired to write poems to go with her unusually magical pictures. That was in 1919.

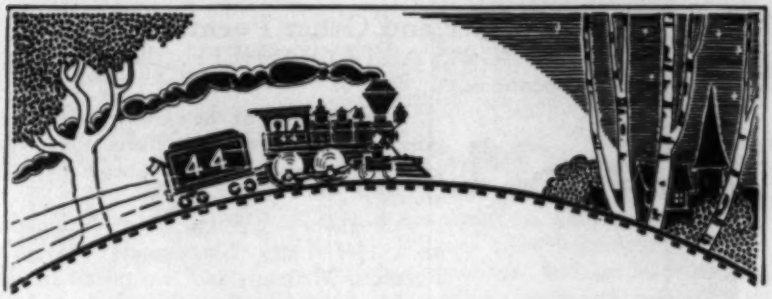
In 1927, Miss Bianco decided she would like to illustrate her own favorite poems from William Blake. So she wrote a letter to Mr. Blake, explaining how she felt about making new pictures for poems he himself had pictured so marvelously. This extraordinary document appears as an introduction to her new book.

The title poem vied with "The Sunflower" for her first choice and the famous "Tiger, Tiger," she liked least. You will be interested to see how this affected the pictures.

These pictures recapture the delicate magic touch of Flora; they have also the strong rhythm and human sympathy of "The Little Wooden Doll." But they cannot be compared to any one else's work, nor to any of her own, for they are quite apart. Losing yourself in these pages you are lost in that very land of dreams where Blake himself walked. But you see it through the eyes of a most rare imagination of another day.

The pictures were so delicately drawn that they have been the despair of engravers. They are being printed from copper line plates, on special paper and with layout of text and pictures especially planned by S. A. Jacobs.

We think this one of the most beautiful books we have ever made and are sure all lovers of fine books will be pleased with it.

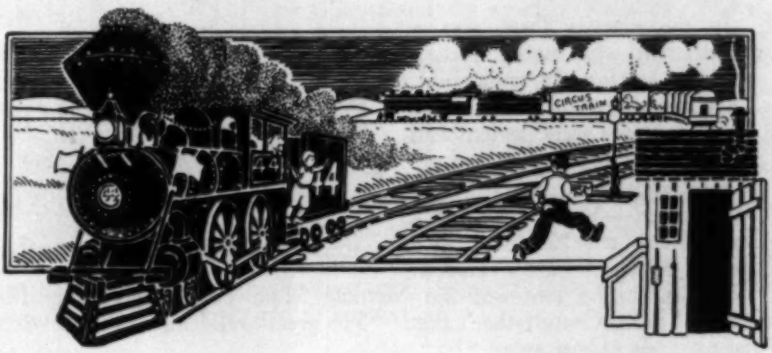


The Wonderful Locomotive.

By CORNELIA MEIGS. Illustrated by BERTA and ELMER HADER. Cloth, square quarto. $2.00. (Ages, 6-8.)

Lucky Peter! He lived near a roundhouse, and his best friend was the retired engineer of the famous old locomotive 44. When Peter wasn't finding out about the new engines, he was helping Sven work on the old one. They were determined it would make its great run across the continent again. One day it did—with Peter at the throttle. Peter and No. 44—they pulled the greatest apple train in the history of harvests in to Philadelphia. They took the circus on time to Arbela. *And* they made the record run to San Francisco.

Here is the railroad story that all small boys have been waiting for. And they will be glad to know that Mr. Hader has done most of the things that Peter did. Miss Meigs has written thrilling tales of Indians and sea captains; why should we be surprised to have her telling about a steam engine?



The Fairy Shoemaker and Other Poems.

Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. Square quarto. Cloth and board sides. $2.00.

Here are five of the children's favorite poems of magic, with pictures that will give them new imaginings about the old words.

Allingham's Up the Airy Mountain and The Fairy Shoemaker; Arnold's Forsaken Merman; and two poems by de la Mare—these give this distinguished artist an opportunity for some of his best picture making. He uses an entirely new technique, especially suited to such a book as this. It has fascinated and baffled the the artists who have seen the pictures. To reproduce the many pictures in adequate size, we are changing it from a Little Library book as it was announced in the spring, and making a book seven and a half by eight and a half inches, to be bound in gay boards with cloth and gold back and with a two color jacket.

Jane, Be Good! And Other Verses.

By ISAIAH C. HOWES. Introduced by JANE GAREY BARUS. $1.50.

In the nineties there was a grandfather who wrote picture letters to his favorite grandchild. They are some of the funniest verses that ever were devised and illustrated by a humorous and devoted grandfather. What people he invented—Mrs. Rose (with her Roman nose), Peter Slim, Bessie Huyler, Flossy Bacon! What stories he told—of the Monkey Man, Hoggy Hog, the Ill-Treated Doll, Grandfather's Sled! His great-grandchildren have worn the originals almost away.

Boga the Elephant.

By "K. O. S." (BARONESS DOMBROWSKI.) With illustrations by the author. Cloth, large quarto. $2.50. (Ages, 8-10.)

An artist-explorer, who comes to New York from Vienna, Munich, Brazil, West Africa, is the Baroness Dombrowski. Her etchings of horses have been widely reproduced, her paintings and caricatures exhibited. We asked her to try her hand at true stories of some of the jungle animals she knows so well, and exciting chapters began to arrive, each with its astonishing pictures. To catch every tone in her unusual originals was the despair of the engraver. But this beautiful gift book has been completed with eight large color plates and many sketches in black and white, and a striking jacket with little Boga in the shadow of the great rogue elephant.

Abdallah and His Donkey.

By "K. O. S." (BARONESS DOMBROWSKI.) $2.00. Illustrations by the author.

Rumswiddle was a donkey with a sense of humor and very strong character. He enjoyed playing tricks on his stingy master, Abdallah, but he also loved this fruit and vegetable merchant and helped him out of many difficult situations. He caught the thieves who tried to rob Abdallah, he stopped the bad boys who tried to steal his master's fruit and helped Abdallah to keep his hens from laying their eggs in other people's gardens.

The pictures drawn by the author are as full of humor and life as the story itself and make even more delightful this "tale of woe and joy for children from eight to eighty."

The Picture Book of Travel.

Illustrated by BERTA and ELMER HADER. Cloth, large 4to. $2.00. (Ages, 6-10.)

The first of the new Macmillan picture books. Here are 64 pages: of them 16 full pages in black and four colors; 8 half pages in black and four colors; 12 full pages in two colors; text pages with decorations, printed in 14 point Caslon, well leaded; brilliant end papers and jacket; a cloth binding with color paste-on. This is the general layout plan for a group of books which will bring stories of world interest and educational importance before the boys and girls, interpreted by modern artists who know how to make the best sort of picture books.

The story of transportation is at the beginning of all our modern wonders. So in the first book we go back to the beginnings of travel, we see the cave man, his pack, his litter; we visit strange parts of the world and there pass in review all the animals who took the burden from man's shoulders. The invention of the wheel, the evolution of the swift mail coach, speed the story along. It ends with the bicycle and the horse car.

Other books will take up the beginnings of machinery, and "What Makes the Wheels Go Round" will be ready next year.

The pictures will appeal to boys and girls of any age. The text is straight information, which does not talk down to children, and which we hope will lead them to the direct sources in adult material.

The Picture Book of Flying.

Illustrated by FRANK DOBIAS. Size, 8¼ by 11 inches. $2.00.

Our story of travel does not skip so many dates as you might guess when it steps from the horse car to the first balloon. We are glad that the story of flying was the second to be finished. Here are the great names and dates, the great planes accurately and beautifully drawn. This is the right book for the boy or girl who wants a clear and colorful summary of a story which is continued on the front page of every day's paper.

THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS

Each fifty cents.
Size, 5¾ by 5¾ inches.

New Titles, 1928.

Goldilocks and the Three Bears.

This little, inquisitive girl who would taste the porridge, and try the beds, goes gayly about her adventure in a brand-new frock. The bears have such faces and such a house as only the Haders could invent to please little children.

The Little Red Hen.

The frog wouldn't make the fire, the cat wouldn't make the fire—"I will," said the little red hen. Her escape from the fox and the very happy ending are parts of one of the children's favorite stories. Pictures by the Haders.

The Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence.

"Pig won't go over the stile, and I won't get home to-night!" The famous troubles of the poor old woman and their happy ending are pictured by the Haders in a way to make every one laugh again.

The Golden Goose.

How the stupid son went to call on the weeping princess with his long procession of reluctant "hangers-on" all pictured anew in bright colors by Mary Seaman.

THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS

The A. B. C. Nonsense Book.

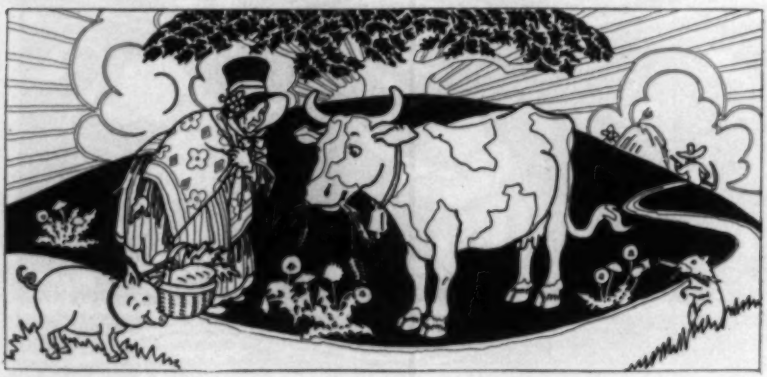
One of Mr. Lear's funniest alphabets, with his own pictures. New A B C's drawn for this book, and arranged in a fine spelling game in the bright end papers.

Three Little Kittens.

No nursery is complete without these new pictures of the famous lost mitten story, and the new kittens jumping through every page from the pen of Mr. Krug Wiese.

Published in 1927

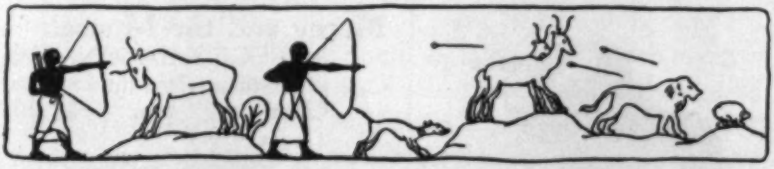
THE UGLY DUCKLING.
CHICKEN LITTLE.
HANSEL AND GRETEL.
THREE LITTLE PIGS.
WEE WILLIE WINKIE.
HUMPTY DUMPTY.
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.
THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER.
THE BREMEN BAND.
THE PIED PIPER.
LITTLE BLACK SAMBO.
THE THREE BILLY GOATS.



Sokar and the Crocodile.

By ALICE WOODBURY HOWARD. Illustrated by COLEMAN KUBINYI, and also with three full pages in color by the children. Cloth, square quarto. $2.00.

A lively tale of a small boy who lived in Egypt five thousand years ago. His magical and mysterious adventures are set in a mud village in the marshes along the banks of the Nile, and at the brilliant court of King Sozer. The crocodile, the cat, the heron, the princess from the Harbors of Incense, the villainous dowager, the young Pharaoh who built the greatest pyramid yet constructed—these characters share in the thrilling experiences of little Sokar. This tale has been told as a serial story to several classes of children nine and ten years old, who have come to The Cleveland Museum of Art, week after week, month after month, to study the art of ancient Egypt.



Abdul: The Story of an Egyptian Boy.

By WINTHROP PALMER. Illustrated by CORWIN KNAPP LINSON. Cloth, large 8vo. $2.00. (Ages, 6-10.)

Abdul's great friend was his camel. Together they used to turn the water wheel which sent water to the thirsty fields of Egypt. But better than working in the fields Abdul liked to draw pictures of his faithful helper and of the other animals on the farm. Abdul was sent to school in Cairo, where everything was gay and noisy and where he had to study things he didn't find interesting. One day an artist saw his pictures and then all sorts of exciting things happened.

This book gives a clear and accurate picture of Egyptian city and country life of to-day. The illustrations in color and black and white have been made by an artist who, like the author, knows Egypt, its people, art, and history. Mrs. Palmer is national president of the Junior League. This book grew out of her letters from Egypt to her own little boy.

Rocky Billy.

Written and illustrated by HOLLING CLANCY HOLLING. Cloth, tall 8vo. $2.00. (Ages, 6-10.)

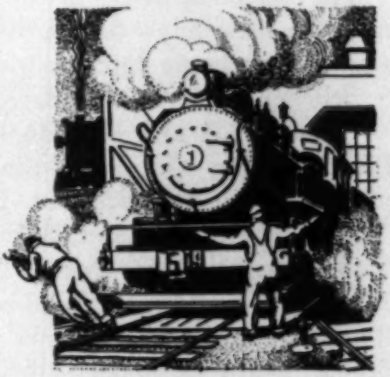
From the first minute when Mr. Holling told us his adventures with spyglass and camera in the Rockies, we knew that there had to be a book about Rocky Billy. With that spyglass, from his tent door, at timber line, this artist once saw twelve—or was it twenty?—different wild animals. He knows a part of America that rivals the heart of Africa for excitement. And he can tell a story with all the detail that boys and girls want.

Mercy and the Mouse.

By PEGGY BACON. With illustrations by the author. Cloth, tall 8vo. $2.00. (Ages, 4-8.)

Mercy was an ambitious cat. The cellar was far too poor a place for her. One day she met the Mouse who showed her the way to better things. After her rise in social position Mercy had many adventures with the Birds, the Goldfish, the Parrots, her Rival, and the Cur. Besides these stories there are six others, all about equally interesting animals with very fine characters. The pictures are full of the same humor which made so many children love "The Lion-Hearted Kitten."

Of course these pages cannot give you the beauty in form and color of the books themselves, but they must have impressed you as being unusually alive and distinguished. No amateur at the business of publishing could present such a list. No average person could ever bring together these books. Miss Seaman could not have done it in her early years. It really does epitomize her ten years of living, learning, growing. The new volumes of the Children's Classics, interesting old titles and new, have cut entirely loose from all their former rigidities of type, uniform jackets and covers and now stand as strongly individual volumes, alike only in size. The list includes two fine picture books — that rarely difficult book to find and produce — and these are the result of a long quest. In "The Road to Cathay" two scholars and an artist willing to study the source material suggested, have combined to present a gorgeous book of the little known East of the Middle Ages. There are three very beautiful books, art at a very high and delicate point, in Elizabeth MacKinstry's "White Cat," Pamela Bianco's selections from Blake, "The Land of Dreams," and Boris Artzybasheff's "The Fairy Shoemaker and Other Poems." In "Johnny Appleseed and Other Poems" by Vachel Lindsay, boys and girls of America today will have a collection of verse from a poet who is peculiarly their own. There is that masterpiece of Cornelia Meigs, "The Wonderful Locomotive," which will thrill the small boy's heart while it brings tears to the eyes of older readers for its spirit of childhood. And in "Little Dog Toby," "Thumbelina" and "The Nurnberg Stove" any lover of books has a small volume of delight.



From "The Wonderful Locomotive"

Several of these books are the outcome of wide contacts and suggest the publisher's creative share: — You will notice that the paragraph under "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" on page 7, says that the Scandinavian artist, Hedwig Collin, who had known the stories for years and made pictures for them in Norway and Sweden, had *"discussed them with us in New York and Paris."* On page 15, in describing Baroness Dombrowski's "Boga the Elephant," the Announcement reads, *"We asked her to try her hand at true stories of some of the jungle animals she knows so well, and exciting chapters began to arrive."* Again under "Rocky Billy," page 20, *"From the first minute when Mr. Holling told us his adventures with spyglasses and camera in the Rockies, we knew there had to be a book about Rocky Billy."*

Nor do the books listed on the Announcement pages show the complete Macmillan Fall List. Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell have left Charlie and his doings and have written (on the spot, we are certain) "Little Tonino," the story of a little boy in a romantic hill town of Provence. Tonino and his sister Feli go to school in an ancient castle. Tonino's donkey, "Tintourlet," is prominent in the story. There is a book of poems by Mary Britton Miller which tell of a little boy's dream of the animals seen at the zoo and his own home animals, with unusual drawings by Anne Sewell. There's a particularly interesting volume of plays — "The Shady Hill Play Book," by Katharine Taylor and Henry Copley Greene, — the result of several years of play-producing at the School. The plays are: The Prophets; The Shepherds; Roland; Segurd the Volsung; Deus Volt: God Wills It; Aucassin and Nicolette (in English and in French); The Miracle of Theophile; Our Lady's Tumbler. There are still other volumes which bid fair to be interesting but which we've not had time to examine.

We suggest that our readers try to see these books at one time, to study and enjoy them. Every bookshop should be able to present them all. Notice the delightful varia-

tion in size and the marked individuality of each. Notice, too, how the books are keeping pace with the work in the finest and most advanced schools. Or better still, observe that they are books for those intelligent, able youngsters of today we all know whose depth is almost the sky,— width and height, almost the wind; heart's span, almost the world.* These boys and girls know about the recent archeological finds in Egypt and have interest in the life of an Egyptian boy today as they may read of it in Mrs. Palmer's "Abdul, the Story of an Egyptian Boy."

We should like you, too, to connect Miss Seaman's name with other outstanding books of the past ten years:— Padraic Colum's "Adventures of Odysseus" and "Children of Odin," the new edition of "Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette," the large Pinocchio with the original Italian pictures, such choice volumes of the Little Library as "The Little Wooden Doll," "The Light Princess," "Silver Pennies," "Sing Song," "The Rose and the Ring," and "The Memoirs of the London Doll." Francis Bedford's "At the Back of the North Wind," Cornelia Meigs' "New Moon" and "As the Crow Flies." Constance Skinner's "Silent Scot" and "White Leader," and that other volume of Padraic Colum's made vividly perfect and beautiful in format by Artzybasheff and its publisher, "The Forge in the Forest."

We have said that this tenth year of Miss Seaman's publishing is richer far than her early years. But the output of her early years was so different from the regulation publishing that it was notable and noticeable to other publishers as it was to booksellers and librarians. Four years later Doubleday, Page & Company followed the Macmillan example and since that time, four other New York publishing houses and one Boston house have created children's departments with properly qualified women at their head. The list of these women we give on page 74.

Probably our own experience with Louise Seaman has

* See Lenore Speyer's "Measure Me, Sky."

been that of many another bookseller and librarian. Out of a welter of book publicity, form letters, etc., which come to one's desk daily, a new and arresting letter with Louise Seaman's signature suddenly began to make its occasional appearance, always with something to say that was vitally interesting to us. We registered the determination to hunt up this Miss Seaman on our next visit to New York. We did so and found a young woman of candor and charm who saw books for boys and girls as we saw them; who had ideals, vision, enthusiasm, and at the same time the background, experience, judgment and personality to make the first qualities dynamic. Here was a real and very vivid person — a dynamic person — working at a source of our own profession. Because of her, that profession became still more alive, its possibilities greater, its joys richer.

B. E. M.

Elizabeth MacKinstry in "The White Cat."

THE MACMILLAN CHILDREN'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

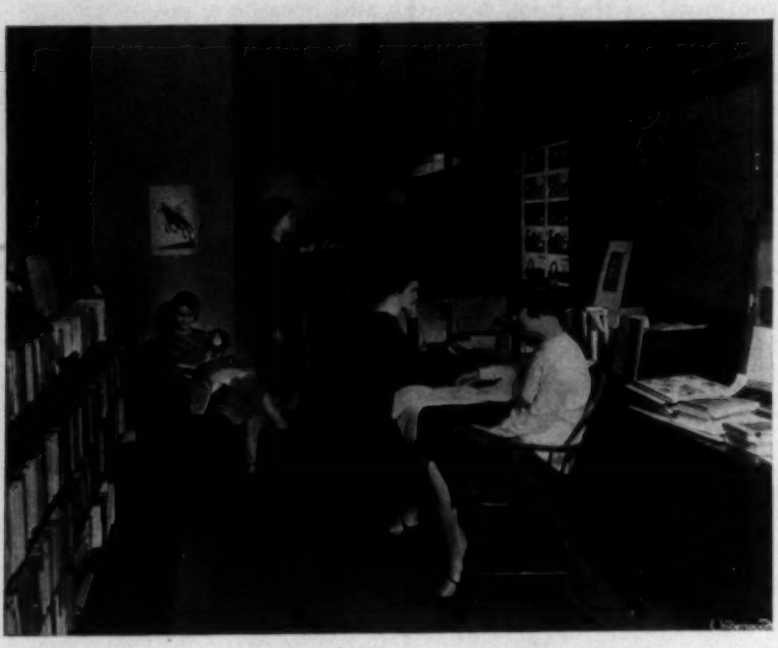
By George P. Brett,
President, The Macmillan Company

When I started bookselling in 1874, some of the children's books I handled were "Alice in Wonderland," "Water Babies," "The Heroes." As I continued in the book business and became a publisher myself, the importance of books like these was evident to me, and I encouraged such American authors as I knew to the publication of books like Major's "Bears of Blue River," Dix's "Merrylips," etc.

The organization of so large a firm as The Macmillan Company necessitates the breaking up of different kinds of book-making into separate departments. For many years, children's books (as apart from school books) were handled as part of the regular "trade" books. It occurred to me that these books would benefit more than any others, perhaps, from separate editorial supervision. In 1918 I discovered, after some search and experiment with young men and women editors, a college girl working in our advertising department. She had had several years of teaching. Her training at the house, in the educational, editorial, trade manuscript reading and advertising departments, had given her an idea of publishing routine. So Louise Seaman was appointed head of the first Children's Book Department.

She inherited a list of several hundred famous children's books, from our English and American lists. Her first task was to know these books in relation to the general field of children's reading, to re-catalog them attractively and reissue those that had been neglected. At the same time she was putting through the press new books by Rackham, Dr. and Mrs. Knipe, Miss Meigs, Miss Ashmun, and learning to make books.

Soon she was ready to discuss her own programs of publishing with me. These I was personally concerned with, and extra critical about, since I had had three children of my own and remembered a great deal about their reading tastes. Also I believed that children's books are perhaps more important than any other kind. Through these books one reaches young minds at the plastic age when moral character is being formed. Hence the importance of their selection and editing cannot be overestimated.



Children's Book Department, The Macmillan Company

The department grew logically, with the growing interest in America in children's reading. It had been obvious to me that this would happen, in connection with the newer knowledge of child psychology and the increased intelligent interest of non-academic parents in child study.

Miss Seaman's work, like that of any department manager, is that of directing the publication of her own books.

This means manuscript reading, arranging author's and artist's contracts, planning the format of a book and its price, by a publishing order; writing her own advertising and doing publicity for her own books; making her own catalog and as much selling and sales suggesting as possible. I believe her experiences handling the general house publicity for a year, and handling twenty city accounts for children's books for a year, contributed a great deal to her efficiency as a publisher.

Miss Seaman has built up a list of books which reflects the needs and tastes of a varied public: librarians, teachers, parents, uncles and the most changeable group, children themselves. Tastes in fiction change: so do children. To keep in touch with the changing child as well as the changing adult ideas about children, is no small task. Her speech-making journeys help to keep her in touch with different types of readers and book buyers.

Some of the lines of book-making in which I have strongly encouraged her are the shaping up of the group called The Macmillan Children's Classics; the discovery of such craft books as The Work and Play Books; the search for more such nature books as Patch: "First Lessons in Nature Study," Johnson: "The Star People," Abbot: "Everyday Mysteries"; the writing of good biographies for boys and girls such as Britt: "The Boys' Own Book of Great Adventures," Paine: "A Girl in White Armor," Tarbell: "The Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln."

My belief in the value of such a department of publishing is confirmed by two things: The steady growth of its sales and the number of publishers who have thought it worth imitating. Miss Seaman's nine years of work with the books has given her the sort of consecutive executive experience which few young women have a chance for in publishing houses. I believe one can only learn to do such work by doing it. She tells me that she wishes she had several college educations instead of one. My feeling is that people can be "exposed to" publishing and happen by luck to develop an instinct for book-making.

THE PERSON MAKES THE PUBLISHER —LOUISE SEAMAN

By Margaret Pinckney King

Perhaps some of her qualities are explained by a father who, though engaged day by day in railroad accounting, is at heart a craftsman; and a temperamental mother who earned her trousseau by painting portraits. Their oldest daughter was born in Brooklyn, and grew up in a small white house in the old Dutch suburb of Flatbush, where her mother's relatives, van Brunts and van Pelts, were still living in old Dutch houses.

The solemn little Louise helped take care of three small brothers and sisters, and was a horribly model girl at the private school and the big public schools where she evidently had excellent teachers in English and Latin and Greek. At Vassar, where she graduated in 1915, she is remembered more for hard work than for any achievement in extra-curriculum activities. She was the first editor of the first news sheet there, an interesting job in organizing as well as in writing. She took seminar courses in English, and produced one sonnet which a *New York Times* reviewer thought good enough to reprint. From the tone and amount of her conversation on music, you would not suspect that she had only the small girl's usual piano lessons, and one year of harmony and composition.

In the three years of teaching that followed college she was fortunate to be in New Haven, where at Yale some continued study was possible. She seems to have taken Dr. Abbott's "Historiography" because she wanted to read history, and Dr. Cross' "The English Novel," because she had never read any fiction, and singing because she had already ruined her voice singing in the college choir. She says there were more interesting children in that little private school than in any group she has ever known since.

An important factor in her education which hasn't been mentioned is her young sister, Mary, an artist in the

making, about whose career she has always been much more romantically excited than about her own. She has learned enormously from Mary's adventures with one teacher after another, and from listening to her young friends' discussions on sculpture and painting. Doubtless it has also accounted for many more friendly hours devoted to young people with portfolios at the Macmillan door than most editors are apt to donate.

I hear that at her recent college reunions she talked on the various dangers of publishing and also solemnly testified that two or three college educations wouldn't be enough for the things she needed to know every day about book-making.

* * * * * *

Looking very solemnly at her three years ago, an eminent English publicist said musingly, "Amazing, the way you Americans entrust such very important jobs to mere girls. Is Miss Seaman really the head of a Macmillan department?" I assured him that it wasn't an American custom, that there were very few "mere girls" who could do what she does. And it was amusing to speculate what he would have said, way back in 1919, on that privately historic morning when a very young woman indeed rode up and down on a Fifth Avenue bus turning over and over the possibilities of her exciting appointment as head of a Children's Book Department in the Macmillan Company.

It was really a moment of some importance, not only in her individual life, but in the development of book-making. In the moment, characteristic qualities prevailed. She looked young and excited to a degree that is still a constant annoyance to her. Yet I remember her analysis of the potentialities of such a department, and her own capacity for it which, again characteristically, she never doubted, was penetrating, comprehensive, without illusions, yet fiery with enthusiasm and imaginative vision.

One cannot admire sufficiently the acumen which saw beneath that youthful, vivid external self the intelligence,

the grasp, the sheer power of intellect, the innate maturity beneath.

The combination is rare. It may — and does — irritate Louise Seaman to the point of tears to look, and often act, as if she would never grow up. It is really ungrateful of her to be annoyed. Especially as the fairy behind the door gave her with this exterior a mind that was mature in power to begin with and loses nothing, to put it mildly, in the unremitting exercise she gives it. The combination is not only rare, it is fruitful. Youthfulness, by itself, is not enough. By youthfulness I mean ardor for life. Expectancy of great things, unstinted energy, enthusiasm, unlimited belief in the possibility of human beings. These qualities are sometimes a little sad to the mature. But with a driving imaginative intelligence in control, they have a power and beauty unmatched in life.

Every great publisher must have this combination in some degree. For it is the key to the rich hidden resources in the minds of his authors, which brings forth to growth and final fruition those ideas which seek their immortality in the pages of a book.

This is the testimony of a friend whose privilege, amusement, and profit it has been to watch Louise Seaman "in action," talking over with an author an idea for a book. What it should cover; what else has already been done in that field; the many alluring distracting possible variations in development, and in the physical details of illustration, paper, type, cover design, and jacket, all alas! to be decided with one eye on the book-buying public and the balance sheets which must remorselessly take their part in the scheme of anything. The great idea must then be kept alive through these difficult processes until it can take its appointed place in the world. The whole process is about as far from the mechanical and the standardized as can be imagined, and in literature certainly it must remain so. To this task Louise Seaman brings an unfailing, life-giving enthusiasm; an enduring patience only matched by her not-

at-all-suppressed impatience when time is being wasted on unessentials; an utter absorption in her work so that meals, sleep, exercise, vacations, change of routine of any sort are relegated to their proper place which is, briefly, any place where they can be wedged in, catch as catch can, or left out entirely. I personally have a theory that any spirited coöperative physical mechanism responds with fervor to this demand upon its latent powers. The result in this case is a vitality and communicable joy in living which are the envy and despair of all who know her.

I am rather glad that all this rare ardor and intelligence are not devoted to a more limited and concentrated field in the business world. She would indignantly protest, no doubt, that there are enough cost sheets and the like in publishing, and there are. But books, thank God for them, have a range as wide as the world, as deep as the human heart, and their inexhaustible future gives perhaps the ideal scope to a nature and a mind like hers.

Elizabeth MacKinstry in "The White Cat."

HOW "THE WONDERFUL LOCOMOTIVE" HAPPENED

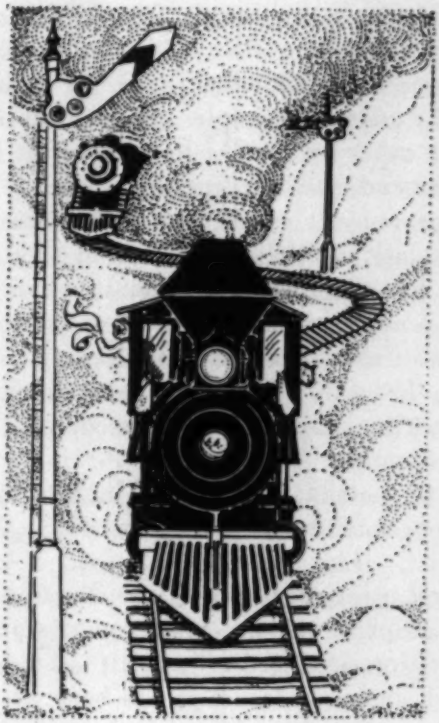
By Cornelia Meigs

THOSE who write for Louise Seaman know something more of her than the notable ability and the courageous good judgment with which she pushes forward her work to success. They can speak of her patience, her understanding of the stumbling blocks which beset the path of creative effort and her unflagging interest in hopes and plans no matter how long they may seem to be unproductive. Moreover, they can tell of her zeal for the discovery of material for her publishing lists through other means than the authors' volunteering it. There is nothing more characteristic of her than that her enterprising eye should have lit upon the tale of "The Wonderful Locomotive," originally written for home consumption only, and that she should have known immediately how to bring it out to the best possible advantage.

It was a young gentleman of seven who, by asking earnestly for a story "with a great deal about steam engines and some magic," laid the foundation for the undertaking. Since his aunt was also interested both in mechanics and magic, the writing proceeded happily. The result was passed upon by a board of experts, consisting of several other little boys also interested in steam engines and presided over by the small boys' grandfather who, in a long lifetime, had learned nearly everything there was to know about mechanics and yet was not above a taste for magic still.

Louise Seaman, having laid hands upon the manuscript, was able to produce what the original proprietors have vainly longed for, an illustrator who knew all about locomotives. Mr. Hader had, at one period of his career, run an engine himself and he knew about the little ones with big smokestacks, and the big ones with little smokestacks

and the enormous ones with scarcely any smokestacks at all. In fact, he knew as much of locomotives as all those boys had long and fondly dreamed that they would some day know themselves. Thus he and Miss Seaman and the young nephews and, incidentally, the titular author have made, together, the story of "The Wonderful Locomotive."



From "The Wonderful Locomotive"

ELIZABETH MACKINSTRY — PORTRAIT OF A STYLIST

By Josiah Titzell

"Her work will be followed with interest." Anne Carroll Moore wrote those prophetic words in 1924 about Elizabeth MacKinstry when the gay, yellow-boarded "What Shall We Play?" was published. It was Elizabeth MacKinstry's first book and provoked Miss Moore to wonder "Why Miss MacKinstry has not been associated with the illustration of children's books before." The answer is simple. She had been serving her time in three other arts. She had appeared in Europe as a child violin prodigy, a *protégée* of Ysaye's. When illness cut short her musical career she had taken to sculpture under the tutelage of Rodin. She had in addition published a miniature but distinguished book of verse in England. These should not have left much time for drawing but a sheaf of beautifully detailed illuminations, and portfolios dating back that far, are proof that pen, fiddle-bow and chisel were not the only satisfactory mediums for expressing the creative impulse.

It seems to me that Elizabeth MacKinstry's success as an artist owes much to the work she did before she came to illustration. Through it she gained a knowledge of line, light and color, not only as the illustrator uses them, but as the sculptor, the musician and the poet use them. This combination produced a line that is literally beautiful, rounded and singing, because it has back of it the feeling of poetry and sculpture and music.

The work which Miss Moore prophesied would be followed with interest has been forthcoming. There was the book of Miss MacKinstry's own poems, "Puck in Pasture," poems so full, so Celtic-clear, so sure in their poetics that one waits anxiously for more. There were "Eliza and the Elves," "Tall Tales from the Kentucky Mountains," "Snake Gold," an edition of "Trees," "The Magic Pawn-

shop" (which wore as delightful a jacket as ever juvenile did), and "Tales of Laughter." Each of them is distinguished by its drawings, lovely in line and delicious in humor. When color appears it is delicately and feelingly used. Elizabeth MacKinstry knows line and she knows color.

But now another book appears, "The White Cat," Madame D'Aulnoy's eighteenth-century fairy tales. Miss MacKinstry's approach has always been the dramatist's approach. She not only acquaints herself with the manners and modes of her subjects but she makes herself familiar with their minds and their idiom. She accepts them as subjects and creates around them their mood, their atmosphere; she dresses them and houses them and then makes *them* come alive, so that you, the reader, feel what they feel, you are conscious of their spirit about them. She goes further and does that fascinating thing that refined caricature lets artists do, she puts her figures more completely in their period and their *milieu* than the characters themselves would have been.

But this dramatist's ability is little taxed in the case of "The White Cat." If any one with so widespread and active an interest, and so absorbing a nature, can belong in any one period, Miss MacKinstry belongs in that of Madame D'Aulnoy, the eighteenth century of France. She knows its art, she works in its tradition the tradition of Watteau and Fragonard, rather than that of Boucher and the lesser members of the school who weakened the plastic form. At seven years of age she spent her rainy days in the French rooms of the Louvre, and her favorite book was a huge volume of Hogarth's work. She knows its music, and its characteristics, — order, proportion, restraint and logic, — are not without their effect on her. This association is not entirely acquired. Her personality, vivid and infectious, is eighteenth century. The first time I saw her she might have been riding a high-stepping horse in the Bois de Boulogne in the days of Tronchin. She was dressed

Elizabeth MacKinstry in "The White Cat." This picture is delightful in color in the book.

in hunter's green satin and wore a tailored felt hat of the same color, a coachman's *chapeau* in which a tuft of green and white feathers nestled in the best eighteenth century style. So sure was the effect that the imagination added a blackamoor, in a cerise turban, leading a plumed and jewelled monkey. She has a wit, a brilliance and culture which are of the fine flower of civilization which was the eighteenth century. She has never then been distant from Madame d'Aulnoy.

"The White Cat" she has done with a quill pen, the medium of the century in which she is working, which gives a line like Aubrey Beardsley's gold pen. While Miss MacKinstry most distinctly belongs to the reed-pen, its line, flowing and fat, was not quite delicate enough for these drawings, and the steel pen was too thin. There is the difference between the reed, the quill and the steel pen that there is between the violoncello, the viola and the violin. Each is a gorgeous instrument but for this particular delicacy, subtlety, effortless ease, brilliance and refinement the quill — like the viola — strikes the happy medium that makes it most satisfactory.

Out of this complete knowledge of her period and the careful choice of her medium "The White Cat" has emerged, charmingly delicate, subtle in its line and dainty in its color. But it has, too, a spontaneity and basic robustness which permit it to state its delicacy with a dignified precision and restraint.

There is a danger in attempting to place, geographically and chronologically, a mind as tingling and sensitive as Elizabeth MacKinstry's. Even as these words are being written she may be producing illustrations which prove conclusively the culture of ancient China, that both she and her work belong, without a doubt, in the Tang Dynasty. If she should be so unkind to her critics they can only gesture in the direction of "The White Cat" and all there is back of the illustrations, as surely and as unerringly out of the eighteenth century as Rococo art.

BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

By Padraic Colum

What Boris Artzybasheff has as an illustrator is, first of all, integral design — there are no odds and ends in his illustrations, no leaf or flower added to make an interesting detail; what he does comes out of a single clear conception. I have before me the latest book which he has illustrated — "The Fairy Shoemaker." Well, when I look upon the design on the wrapper — a coach with drivers and footmen and a royal personage within — I see that the wheels of the coach and the legs of the drivers and footmen, their round faces, their cocked noses and their cocked hats, the hands and the knees of the royal personage, are elaborations of something central — they make a single design which the wheels of the coach give motion to. The frontispiece in the same book shows a child sitting in a bed where a window opens into a blackness that has stars and the Northern Lights. Here upright and diagonal lines create space and bounded space; contrasts are here, and they are bound together by that vase of flowers on the window-sill. In contrast to the strong uprights there are the soft and rounded lines that give the form of the child in the bed. Darkness and radiance, space and enclosure are here, made in a few lines and with black and white. It is a masterly design. It is not fairylike in the conventional way — it is too powerful for that — but it suggests an escape into vision — an escape that is not for a child only. I think this is the most masterly design that Boris Artzybasheff has made up to the present.

In a book which I wrote, "The Forge in the Forest," Boris Artzybasheff had illustrations which had astonishing movement. In another book of mine, "Creatures," he had remarkable fantasy. He is getting drollery — a rare quality — into his latest illustrations. Some of the pictures in "The Fairy Shoemaker" are real drolls. The picture of the Fairy Shoemaker which he gives us is not the Leprechaun of Irish tradition. But he puts some sort of ancient

Boris Artzybasheff in "The Fairy Shoemaker."

artisan — gnome or elf or leprechaun — before us with great humour and great vigour. Here is another illustration that is an integral design. The slight figure seems to have dropped down from, and seems to be enclosed by, queer, heavy foliage, — it is the figure of a being who is enclosed in and who is escaping out of nature.

Boris Artzybasheff is a serious and a wise artist; he is steadily advancing in his art; it is interesting to note how he develops in other than on the technical side. He has exploited the grotesque and the fantastic in some of his illustrations. Now he is getting a human quality in his work that is rare in illustrations — something broad and humourous. With his innate sense of design, with his vigour, and his remarkable technique he is bound to have a celebrity that will be well deserved.

BOOKS ILLUSTRATED BY BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

1928

The Fairy Shoemaker
Herodotus — *King*
Ghond the Hunter — *Mukerji*
Orpheus — *Colum*

Undertakers' Garland
Verotchka's Tales — *Siberiak*
Feats on the Fiord — *Martineau*
The Forge in the Forest — *Colum*
The Story of St. Francis — *Williams*
Gay-Neck — *Mukerji*
The Wonder Smith — *Young*
Creatures — *Colum*
Fireflies — *Tagore*
Funny Bone Alley — *Kreymborg*
Apple Tree — *Bianco*
Roses of the Winds — *Lustig*

PAMELA BIANCO'S PREFACE TO HER SELECTION OF BLAKE'S POEMS —"THE LAND OF DREAMS"

From "The Land of Dreams"
Illustrated by Pamela Bianco

Dear Mr. Blake:

When I was first asked to make these drawings, it made me very happy because I had known and liked your poems for a long while, and I said I would be glad to try my hand at illustrating a book of them for children.

I had always vaguely hoped to make drawings for your poems some day, yet when the opportunity at last presented itself, I began to get scared. For it seemed to me I had no right to try and make drawings after you already had once made them. And all the while I was working on the book, I had a guilty conscience. For, since you had made your drawings so well, I knew that nobody had any business to attempt to make different ones. And then I consoled myself by thinking that if I wrote and explained the whole thing to you, you would understand, and perhaps, after all, you wouldn't mind so very much.

This book was originally intended to be an edition of the "Songs of Innocence," in fact, most of the poems contained in it are from that source. But there are a few poems, which I did not include, because I thought they were too

From "The Land of Dreams." Illustrated by Pamela Bianco

serious for children, and for these I substituted other poems which I fancied more suitable.

Perhaps I made a mistake in that some of the poems I selected were very sad, but I had to have "The Sunflower," because it is about the most beautiful poem I ever read; and I am hoping that in reading it, the children will be inclined to see the beauty in it; and forget the sadness.

There are one or two other poems, which I wanted very much to include in this volume, and I very nearly did, only at the last moment I held back realizing that perhaps there might be some parents who would not care to have their children read them, as for instance, the poem about the little boy who wished they might have ale in church, and all be happy together. It was with great reluctance, that I finally renounced that poem, but I have not given up hope yet and perhaps they'll let me illustrate it some other day, in another book.

Whenever I read your poems, I always imagine the little boys you write about, as having long, thin, white legs, and pale faces; and so I have tried to draw them that way.

A friend of mine, to whom I was showing some of these drawings, when he came to the one of Thomas walking with his mother in the land of dreams, said he thought the child's arms were too thin. As a matter of fact, I made them that way on purpose, because I felt sorry for him. I could not help feeling he was rather unhappy, and the only way I can make people look sad, is by giving them very thin arms. Not that all sad people necessarily have thin arms, but it is sometimes easier to draw them that way. Of course I know you didn't really mean little Thomas to be unhappy, only every time I read the poem, I cannot help thinking of him that way, and so I had to make a sad drawing.

Most of the drawings are quite inaccurate, as I never found I could work so well with the open book before my eyes. Had I done that, there'd have been the feeling that I ought to check up on every word, and it would have seemed like an unpleasant school task, trying to make the drawings exactly coincide. Instead, what I did in most cases, was to read the poems, and presently, after several

days had gone by, remember them vaguely, and make a drawing. It is much nicer to work that way.

When I came to the poem about the little chimney-sweeper, I tried so hard to put at least a thousand other little boys beside the river in the background, but the sheet of paper was so small that I only succeeded in squeezing in three of them, and even that with great difficulty. So I'm afraid you'll have to imagine the rest of them, using those I drew as a specimen.

Of course it was essential to have the poem about the tiger. For, although it is not one of my favourite poems, there are many people who would not consider any selection of your poems complete without it. I'm sorry the drawing I made to go with it isn't very nice, but I haven't had much experience in drawing tigers, in fact, now that I come to think of it, that is the only drawing of a tiger I ever made. I hope you won't laugh, because I really did try my very best.

Pamela Bianco

New York, Jan., 1928.

THE ROAD TO CATHAY

By Merriam Sherwood

If one is interested in the Middle Ages, or in accounts of weird and distant lands, and if one reads at all widely afield, one is sure to encounter a certain most remarkable work: *The Book of Ser Marco Polo.* It seems easy reading. It is not, however. All who would really understand it must read quite a surprisingly large amount besides. And luckily this is all fascinating — though composed by scholars who were trying to be instructive rather than interesting. But one can learn to read between the lines! Whether it is mediæval commerce that interests one, or mediæval costume, or navigation, or the art of war, or the fables and legends that were mistaken for science, one will find in these little known commentaries the most astonishing verifications and explanations of what was said by the old travelers.

At first it seems rather surprising that a book about Asia should be very important for mediæval European history. The reason is this: the Orient came to be very near in many ways to Europeans in the Middle Ages. In the first place, there was the fabulous history of Alexander the Great: everybody who read, or who listened to the tales of the minstrels, knew of the letter which Alexander was believed to have written to Aristotle describing the "Wonders of Ind." Asia was peopled, in the minds of men, with all sorts of monsters and strange races. There were also alluring rumors of the fabulously wealthy and fabulously powerful potentate who was thought to rule in Asia: Prester John, the Christian priest-king. But combined with these outlandish ideas were others much more definite. Ladies and gentlemen in mediæval Europe adorned themselves with *balas* rubies, which came from Badakshan, and, in some countries, had Persian carpets to brighten their castles. If they were rich enough they seasoned their food with pepper and other spices from the Islands of the South. And there was no end of precious fabrics out of the mysterious

East. Of course, countless people had been to Constantinople or Jerusalem, either on pilgrimages or, as crusaders, to fight the Saracens. Merchants from the southern countries were establishing warehouses in various Asiatic lands and went back and forth to them constantly. The Orient, then, formed a very real part of European life and thought in the Middle Ages.

From "The Road to Cathay"

Most modern readers have not the time to delve into the many volumes of scholarly comment that have been published about the half-dozen or so of the old travelers whom we have tried to present to all who would like to know them. Yet we have felt a growing conviction that some at least of this fascinating information should be brought to the knowledge of such readers. It should be known, for one thing, that Marco Polo was not the only European — nor even the first — to travel across the breadth of Asia in his time. The accounts of others who went out then have been preserved.

From "The Road to Cathay"

Having found all these stories very full of absorbing interest, we have been moved to try to draw a composite picture of Asia as Europeans saw it or thought of it in the Middle Ages. We have done this by following the outward and the homeward routes pursued by some of the old travelers, and have tried to explain in a modern way what was so often expressed by the travelers themselves in such mingled sense that it is hard to get the real drift of it sometimes. We have attempted to make a connected story of all this, and have carried on, here and there, beyond what the commentators had to say, with some additional explanations and examples that may be of interest to one reader or another.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GRANDFATHER

By Jane Garey Barus

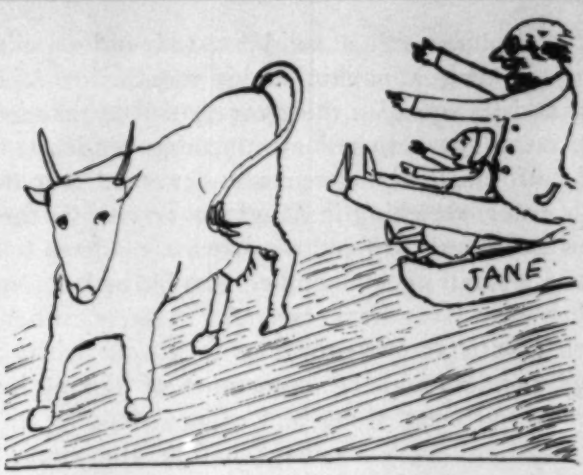
This is the Introduction to her grandfather's "Jane, be Good!"

He was a Grandfather such as you might read about, or dream of. When he was eighteen, a tall, laughing fellow with crisp curling hair, he ran away to sea, — or rather, he was encouraged to go by elders of Puritan extraction, who considered him rather wild. So he sailed the China seas, and brought home ivory, apes and peacocks and tales of gorgeous adventures, when trips to the Orient were not so every-day as they are now. He saw the final failure, after a gallant history, of the family ship building firm, whose lovely clippers went down in defeat before the ships of steam.

Part of "Grandfather's Sled" with pictures from "Jane, be Good!"

Whew, how that sled went down the hill!
I gripped my hands and sat quite still.
The wind went whistling through my hair.
I wasn't afraid; I didn't care.

Grandfather was over fifty when, during some domestic crisis at home, I came to visit him and Grandmother, but he could still stand on his hands and could gallop like the



I tell you we were coasting gay,
When a moolie cow got in the way,
She put herself right in our track.
We hit her a tremendous whack!

With somer-sault I left the sled,
But kept on coasting on my head.
My grandpa jumped, I don't know how,
But off he went upon the cow.

liveliest of ponies with a solid five-year-old on his back, obligingly holding a napkin in his mouth for reins, and snorting and stamping in the most approved manner. The pony, it must be said, had an alarming tendency to turn suddenly into an extremely growly bear and to pursue his erstwhile rider, shrieking in delightful terror, up the stairs. He knew endless stories and was always ready to tell them, even when a small person climbed into his bed at a morning hour when most Grandfathers prefer to sleep. There never was such a satisfactory grown-up to go out with. He so thoroughly understood the importance of looking into each window as you went along and of not stepping on cracks and of feeding *every* elephant before the circus began. Somehow he never had to hurry home. The curly hair was entirely gone then, except for a grizzled fringe in back, which so neatly matched his beard in front, that he was inspired to paint a face on the bald spot in the back. Thus equipped with a double personality, he gave superb performances in dialogue to enraptured audiences. Douglas de Fiancé of Marmion was one of my favorites. I remember there still exists in an old album, a photograph of this back face, with one of his daughters lovingly embracing it, which really gives the uninitiated quite a turn.

But my favorite story about Grandfather is that when he and Grandmother were taking an impressive visiting aunt around the town on a tour of inspection, which included a ride on the new trolley car line, Grandmother observed with horror that he was chewing gum! Nudges and frowns had no effect upon his bland innocence, — and presently she said in a concentrated whisper, "Isaiah! Take that gum out of your mouth!" Whereupon he promptly obeyed — and stuck it in a neat ball on the end of his nose.

After the measles, or whatever it was, had ended, I went home, very reluctantly, and bearing gifts. One of them I have still, — an enormous silver watch on a cord plaited in cunning sailor's knots. How I ever supported its weight at five I cannot imagine. Pride must have sustained me.

Then the stories began to come, scrawled on sheets of scratch paper and put into letters to mother, — a story in each one. How I used to rush to meet the postman! They were pasted into a scrap book for me and I knew them all by heart long before I could read. If I ever forgot them in between they are re-learned now, for I have read, sung and acted them for all my own children many, many times. We hope other children may love them too.

"BERTA AND ELMER" AND THEIR PICTURE BOOKS

By Louise H. Seaman

The story of Berta and Elmer Hader begins on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. There Berta, a miniature painter, had a big studio, where gathered lots of interesting people. One day Elmer arrived. He had been painting portraits and landscapes, and had taken a "painting-a-minute" vaudeville act across America and Paris. They married and came East to work.

Studio life in New York seemed to them a poor substitute for California. So they explored the suburbs of the city and discovered a wooded hillside on the west bank of the Hudson which no citizen of Nyack thought a good spot

Wee Willie Winkie

for a home. The seclusion, the height, the spring and waterfalls in their frontyard, the view over the river — all these appealed to the Haders' imagination, and they drew a picture of a house which would fit it.

The Ugly Duckling

Then they built the house themselves. There it stands, with two stories, cellar, gables, large living room, studio — its brown stone and many-paned windows peer down at the river road through the great trees. You look at Elmer, rather slender, with blue eyes twinkling behind his specs, and at Berta, tall and willowy, with great brown eyes and curly brown hair, and refuse to believe that they did that job in four months, with just one week's help from a laborer. As a great circle of people gathers round the large hand-hewn table for Berta's marvelous soup, you

wonder whether any book can ever equal in importance or excitement the making of a really happy home.

But these two are picture-makers first. They have done many kinds of free lance work. Their full pages in color for the children's pages of women's magazines first brought them to the attention of book-publishers. When I held a competition for the first edition of the Happy Hour books,

The Little Red Hen

it was the dummy for the "Ugly Duckling," done by the Haders, that stood out above all the rest of the artists' samples. It was so simple, so childish, so funny; the colors were so clear and bright; the ducks were well drawn; the layout was artistic without being "arty"; the heavy black line meant a keyplate which would live, and a definite rhythm for the eye of the young person. All these qualities appeal to a wide public. I have only to throw one of

these "Ugly Duckling" pictures on the screen from a lantern slide, to get a ripple of appreciation, chuckles all over the audience. It is the same response one gets to Boutet de Monvel's "Susanna," or Lisl Hummel's "Good Natured Bear," or Elizabeth MacKinstry's "Eliza." I think it is a response to a human quality; it has little to do with appreciation of technique.

During the making of these books, Berta did not appear in New York very often. Elmer brought down sketches, and visited the printers. He informed himself fully on the lithographic process to be used, conferred often with the engravers, and was very aggressive on the subject of inks. The results may be seen in comparing all their titles in these little fifty-cent books: "The Ugly Duckling," "Wee Willie Winkie," "Hansel and Gretel," "Chicken Little" (1927), "The Old Woman and Her Pig," "The Three Bears," "The Little Red Hen" (1928). Limited by a black and three-color process in which no ben-day was to be used, and very few spots of overlaid colors, still they have given a variety of color effects, have suggested rather subtle atmosphere and contrast. See the clever use of purple where Goldilocks tiptoes up to the bears' bedroom; see the sun-filled page where the duckling turns into a swan, done with blue and white alone; feel the spring in the end-papers of "The Little Red Hen," with the rows of flower pots, and the wash blowing on the line; and don't miss the country characters in the "Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence."

Then there came the big "Picture Book of Travel." This meant research, and a more complicated layout. Black and five colors, with overlays bringing the effect up to nine colors, were to be used on one whole side of each signature, black and blue on the alternate side, and the vast subject of transportation up to the invention of machinery to be compressed into a sixty-four-page picture book. Dummy, completed black drawings, color keys, text, each came in at exactly the hour stipulated in the contract.

Printer and publisher had full time to discuss details and salesmen had a completed book instead of a dummy, from which to do advance selling.

Early in 1928, the new Meigs manuscript, "The Wonderful Locomotive," demanded an illustrator who drew for small boys, and who knew all about steam engines. We thought such a person didn't exist, for some gloomy weeks.

Hansel and Gretel

Then one day Elmer heard our moans, and said that he had stepped out of the cab of an engine he was driving between Chicago and 'Frisco, to go to art school. Also some of his best friends are the men at the roundhouse near Nyack. So he got the job! Berta reported enthusiasm for the small boy and his dog, and all was well. Miss Meigs reported such enthusiasm in her home among the nephews and nieces, for the Haders' books, that all was even better. And when the sales conference saw the dummy, with the little old 44 puffing away, they voted to

double the edition. AND when the artists sent in the pictures, there were a third again as many as either contract or publishing plans allowed. But who could leave out one of them — the faces of the brakemen and engineers in the lantern-light, the boy and dog peering out of the cab window, the wonderful center spread of the arrival of the circus train — pennies must be counted again, and every picture fitted into its perfect place.

One visitor to the house on the hill who saw the Haders at work on this book, reported back to the publishers, "It *must* be a rather wonderful thing, because both of them smile when it's mentioned and I heard Elmer chuckling out loud while he worked on it."

We always come back to the house — as every one does, and will as long as they are in it. If you can't go, you are cheered by the funniest letters, neatly typed, and decorated with ridiculous pictures in bright colors. No other bills or thank-yous for checks or appointment notes ever carried so many laughs into a publisher's files.

Perhaps this story is more about the books than about the people. What can I add? Berta is an expert cook; she entertains twenty or more people without any fluster, and looking like a picture in a peasant apron and handkerchief around her curls. Elmer is a fine dancer and a heroic woodchopper. They love music and the theatre, and one of their favorite authors is James Stephens. I suppose it is natural that people who are so rarely kind to so many friends, and who do so many daily things in that house so beautifully and merrily, should be able to think of the sort of story-book detail, the expansion and concentration of an author's tale, that children will always love.

BAMBI: A LIFE IN THE WOODS*

By Clyde Fisher, *American Museum of Natural History*

Here is an animal story with the whole philosophy of human life woven into it, and in such a manner that it is faithful to the lives of the animals. The author's understanding of man and other animals is so thorough, and his sympathy with all nature is so real, that we believe no one can be offended because he humanizes the animals, for one feels that it is essentially true.

John Burroughs once wrote, "Man can have but one interest in nature, namely, to see himself reflected or interpreted there. We quickly neglect both poet and philosopher who fail to satisfy, in some measure, that feeling." "Bambi" certainly fulfills the requirements of this important and fundamental observation, for one can see himself and his neighbors reflected or interpreted here.

"Bambi" is the story of a forest deer and his relatives and other neighbors. It is laid along the Danube, and was written by Felix Salten. It was translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers, a Columbia University student. Although this is Mr. Chambers' first book translation, one feels that it is superbly done. There are twenty-six excellent illustrations by Kurt Wiese. We are told by the publishers that Salten has written about twenty books, which are being brought out in a uniform edition in Vienna by Paul Zsolnay. "Bambi" is the first to be translated into English.

The story is charmingly done. The author does not tell too much, but in places suggests whole paragraphs by brief sentences, reminding one of the style of Carl Sandburg in his "Abraham Lincoln." The imagination of the author, that is, the imagination that is faithful to his sensitive understanding of all life, is truly remarkable.

* "Bambi: A Life in the Woods," by Felix Salten. Translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers. Foreword by John Galsworthy. 293 pp. New York. Simon and Schuster, 1928. $2.50.

Of American stories, one most readily compares it with that artistic and exquisite one, "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," by Ernest Thompson Seton. Like the latter, "Bambi" will do much to turn men and boys from the rifle and shotgun to the camera and notebook. John Galsworthy in his foreword to "Bambi" says, "I particularly recommend it to sportsmen."

When a baby, Bambi is taught by his mother the protective function of dead leaves in the forest. ". . . But the dry leaves lie on the ground, and when a foot stirs them they rustle. Then some one is coming. O, how kind last year's dead leaves are! They do their duty so well and are so alert and watchful. Even in mid-summer there are a lot of them hidden beneath the undergrowth. And they give warning in advance of every danger."

After all "Bambi" is distinctly different from any book we have ever read. It is dramatic and touching, without being sentimental, — and so simply told that one wonders what is the secret of its charm. Doubtless this very simplicity is a part of the reason that the story enthralls its readers. It is a book that will be greatly enjoyed by grown-ups as well as children, for it is truly a masterpiece.

READING CONTEST

THERE are only two more months in which to send in book notes for The Horn Book Reading Contest — two more months — for although the results are not announced until Children's Book Week in November, still the November number of The Horn Book goes to press October 20th, and in it will appear the last group of book notes and the names of the winners.

Make the most of these two months and see what you can do!

Even if you have not entered the contest yet, it is not too late. The prizes will go — to the boy or girl who does the most good reading during the year, ten books; to the boy or girl who sends in the largest number of good book notes on the books read during the year, five books; to the boy or girl who sends in the best book note during the year, one book.

* * * * * *

Send your book notes to The Horn Book, 270 Boylston Street, Boston.

Book Notes by Young People
Selected from those Submitted for the Contest

CHI-WEE by Grace Moon. *Doubleday* $2.00

Chi-Wee was a little pueblo girl. Her real name was not Chi-Wee, it was only her nick-name. One day when she was a baby she heard a bird singing; when she tried to imitate it, she made a noise so much like the Chi-Wee and thus they named her.

She was a kind little girl, she had a goat named Ba Ba. Chi-Wee had many happy adventures with it. One day she met a little Navajo boy by the name of Loki. She began talking to him and they soon became intimate friends. One time she found a little baby, a woman saw it and thought she had stolen it. This frightened Chi-Wee so much that she ran away with it. A Navajo woman found her and took her to her hogan.

She lived there a long time. Then one day as she was looking around for her baby which had been stolen, she saw a light. She went towards it and found it was her mother. By this time her mother was married again. She soon found out that her baby was with her mother, it belonged to her new father.

Chi-Wee was very happy as she now had her long wanted baby brother.

MARIE EHRHARDT,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

KIDNAPPED by Robert Louis Stevenson.

When David Balfour set out to find his Uncle Ebenezer he had in mind that he was a jolly, good-natured old man. But he was greatly mistaken. Uncle Ebenezer was not jolly or good natured, but a mean two-faced man. When David came to him, he tried all ways to get rid of him. He even tried to take his life. Finally he thought of a way; he would give a man he knew very well, 1,000 francs if he would take and keep him on his ship. Then Ebenezer said to David he was thinking of buying a boat and if he would come and help him select a good one. David, never suspecting anything, went. While David was on board he saw his uncle go on another boat and make way to shore. Then he realized he was being kidnapped. While he was on the ship, it ran into another small sailing vessel and only one man out of ten was saved. His name was Alan Breck. David and he soon became very good friends and planned to make their escape as soon as possible.

If you would care to find out whether or not Alan and David made their escape read "Kidnapped," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

I read the book and enjoyed it very much and am sure you will, too.

SELMA GOLDREYER,
New York City.

RAIN ON THE ROOF by Cornelia Meigs. *Macmillan* $2.00

"Rain on the Roof" is fascinating, quaint, a quite unusual book, and altogether enjoyable.

The scene is in New England, in a small seaport town, where a little boy, Christopher, was spending his Easter vacation, with his parents, who were attending to business matters. In an unusual way, he gains the acquaintance of a boy, girl, and an engineer, who was hurt in an accident out West, but who passes the time of convalescence in the building of ship models.

In the latter's favorite workshop, an attractive attic, the three children are told many interesting stories, usually with a historic background. A little touch of excitement and mystery is added to the book, in the chapters concerning Mr. Toby.

This book appealed to me because of the scene in which it takes place; a sleepy seaport is a very unusual scene for a really good story, such as this. I liked the historic atmosphere pertaining to it, and the fact that such an interesting story can be written with so little material for doing so, and also the knowledge that Cornelia Meigs has contributed some good books to American literature.

ALICE STUART HENDRICK,
Trinidad, Colorado.

UNDER THE LILACS by Louisa M. Alcott. *Little* $2.00

"Under the Lilacs" is a sweet, amusing story of a circus lad's life. Ben (the chief character) runs away for having been mistreated, and makes friends with people who are not "circus folk."

Hearing of no one but Ben you more or less are apt to be under the impression that this is a boy's book, but it is not. It is a story for young and old. Ben's boyish pranks, his love for his dog (Sancho) and the tragic episodes in his life are sure to find a place in your heart.

Sancho (Ben's dog) is an intelligent animal that worships his master. He is able to perform many tricks to the great delight of Bab and Betty (Ben's two little friends).

Perhaps you are wondering why this book is named "Under the Lilacs." It was given that name because this lovely story takes place in and about an old house where children played, and it was free to all comers, for a hospitable welcome awaited rich and poor, young and old, sad and gay, Under the Lilacs.

DOROTHY KELLER,
New York City.

THE DEERSLAYER by James Fenimore Cooper.
Macrae $1.60

This is a tale which brings the reader close to nature. Both the forest and the water play interesting parts.

"Deerslayer" is a famous hunter so named because of his skill in the slaying of deer. Thomas Hutter lives in the middle of a lake in a strange abode with his two daughters, Judith and Hetty. Judith is a great beauty with many suitors while Hetty's mind prevents her from enjoying these joys of life. In this tale there are many Indians —some friends — some foes. The manner in which Judith and Hetty are captured and how they are rescued makes a thrilling story while the beautiful description of the Champlain county makes a perfect setting.

Each time this book is re-read, the reader feels much richer in thought than before.

HELEN E. MASON,
Dedham, Mass.

THE ASTROLOGER'S TOWER

By Bertha Gunterman

Illustrated with silhouettes from John Bennett's "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo"

In a study on the top floor of a pre-Revolutionary house in Charleston, South Carolina, looking out to Fort Sumter over the brick-walled gardens and trees of his neighbors, John Bennett's magic evolves inimitable silhouettes to illustrate his stories and ballads for the delight of old and young. At the other end of the house on the same floor, he can see the Ashley River and the rolling woods of John's Island from his carpenter-shop windows.

John Bennett

Young visitors especially seek "The Astrologer's Tower," as his friends call this place of wizardry, for Mr. Bennett's study is full of surprises and necromancy.

Hardly a day has passed during the compilation and revision of the collection of silhouette tales and verses published as "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo" that the high

work-room was not visited by deputations of the neighborhood's small boys, officially following the course of the story; now and again offering criticism with such excellent results as the additional illustrations for the great banquet in the story of "The Merry Pieman," the illustrations as originally made not including these gay little figures.

In an adjoining room is a boy's library of books to which young friends and relatives have free access and there, on dark days, wandering boys may frequently be found, curled up comfortably on the sofa or in a corner, deep in some juvenile classic.

An adept in all the crafts in which young people delight, from kites to model sloops and log-cabins, masquerade costumes and conversation, many friends as he has among the grown-ups, Mr. Bennett has perhaps more ardent ones among the young. He mends broken toys for his nephews and nieces, and for himself repairs dislocated antiques with a patient and expert hand.

In the summers of recent years, in the mountains of North Carolina, Mr. Bennett has rallied his youthful kinsmen to "Robin Hood," manufacturing unlimited quantities of long bows and clothyard arrows, and evolving many sorts of targets to employ young attention out-of-doors. The skill acquired is great, the targets, like garlands, are torn to tatters, while the semi-invalid youngsters gather brawn.

Perhaps it is the very human loveableness of the man, his love for children and delight in their appreciation, his not writing down to children's understanding, but on the contrary, keeping them always looking up with eager and quickened minds, that adds an almost indefinable charm to the whimsical lively world of small black shadows dancing, capering, and marching humorously through the adventures and misadventures of the stories in the book. In the limited medium of the silhouette, the author-illustrator has managed to convey a vivid sense of life and jollity. An odd excitement pervades the illustrations which accompany the

text, like a running commentary, essential to the story.

The same love of the eccentrically humorous and grotesque which evoked these drawings for the tales and ballads, urged the author, when but a small boy, to carve from great potatoes the complete set of comic faces requisite to a Punch and Judy show, following the well-known designs of George Cruikshank, and to give a private exhibition of that immortal nonsense to the young friends of the family from the doorway of a closet, while his brother and younger sister carried the dialogue.

"And the Fire Department of the town
Borrowed the Milkmaid's scream,
And toggled it to their Engine
With ingenious cords and wheels,
So that, when they ran to a fire,
It emitted continuous squeals."

From the ballad of "The Cat, the Cow, the Dog and the Dairymaid."

Those of us who were brought up on bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* will hail with delight the reissue of Mr. Bennett's stories and illustrations in "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo," together with new tales and silhouettes which reveal a vigor and freshness of mind and heart as marked as in those first published thirty years ago. Both illustrations and text are filled with a kindly humor and that delight

in the laughter of children which from the first have characterized the author's writings and illustrations for children.

"The Royal Band struck up 'Marching through Persia'"

From "The Persian Columbus" story.

In these humorous, whimsical stories and ballads, with their vivacious illustrations, we believe we have something unique and perennial, as interesting and entertaining today and tomorrow as yesterday, and enduring for the entertainment of children and those with young hearts and fancy of any age. There are so few good humorous books for children, and "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo" is so deliciously funny; we do not remember ever having seen funnier pictures for children.

John Bennett's new book is referred to in Miss Gunterman's article and the silhouettes are all from that:—"The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo," to be published by Longmans, Green in October.

His earlier books are:—"Master Skylark." *Century*. $2.00. The same, illustrated by Henry Pitz. *Century*. $3.50. "Barnaby Lee." *Century*. $2.00.

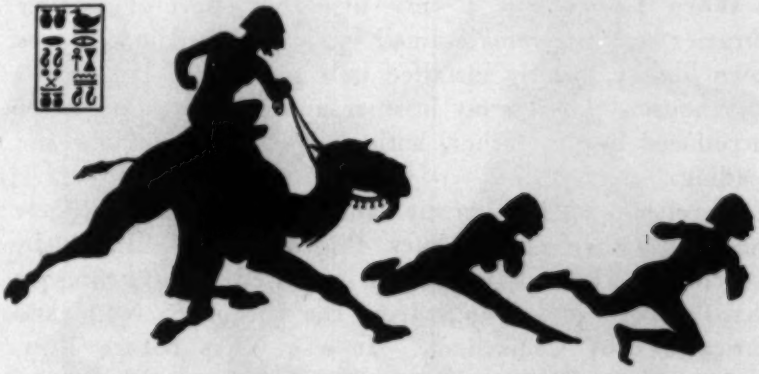
THE LOVE OF GROTESQUERIE

By John Bennett

Illustrations are from Mr. Bennett's new book, "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Loo"

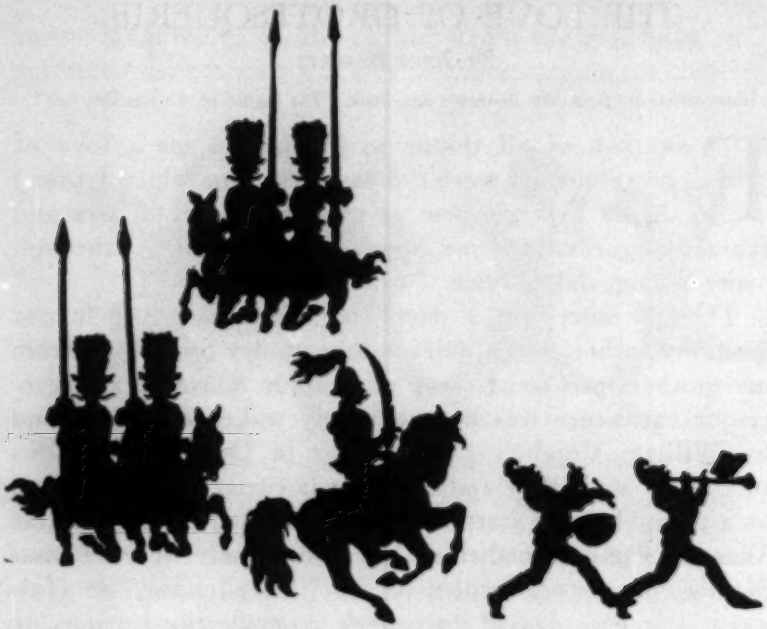
EARLIEST of all things to implant in me a love of grotesque art were the Japanese fans which I found in my father's pew at church, whose flowers and fantastic figures tided me, when I was very little, through many a long, dull service.

Though inheriting a deeply-ingrained sense of humor from my father, and a quizzical, keen, dry Scotch wit from my mother, the actual love of graphic nonsense and grotesque caricature was first definitely wakened in my mind by William Combe's "Dr. Syntax in Quest of the Picturesque," with Rowlandson's sturdy caricatures, published as a pamphlet and scattered broadcast through the Middle West by a patent medicine firm. Then there were Thomas Nast's vitriolic caricatures of the "Tweed Ring," in *Harper's Weekly;* David Strother's homely illustrations to "Porte Crayon's Virginian Adventures"; John McLenan's virile grotesqueries . . . now forgotten, but deserving better remembrance . . . in Harper's *Editor's Drawer,* and in "Fisher's River Scenes and Characters"; Wright's "Caricature History of the Georges"; George Cruikshank's illustrations to "Grimm's Fairy Tales," to "Oliver Twist,"



"Through the Valleys of the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Nile"

From the story of "Ben Ali the Egyptian."



"How cats came to purr"

and Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," found, in early boyhood, in the public library of a Mid-Western country town.

Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," indeed, later suggested my own whimsical verses for young people, having loved those gay, marvellously-versified legends from childhood.

When I was still a very little boy, several smaller libraries separately maintained were combined into a free town library, hastily installed in a portion of the county courthouse. To this my brother and I were immediately introduced by my father, with privilege of rambling and reading.

Here, influential upon my fancy, I found and strangely mixed together "Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Ingoldsby Legends," which I hopelessly confused in a grotesque chaos of quaint drawings from the Ellesmere MSS. and caricatures by Cruikshank. It was years before I extricated these from a droll confusion: the awful eyes of The Dead Drummer and Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie peered out between the quaint figures of the Clerk and

Pardoner, while the Jackdaw of Rheims was mixed with the broadest jests of the Miller's tale.

Here were also books on ancient Egypt, Rawlinson's Assyrian explorations, and Layard's *Nineveh,* whose strangely sculptured reliefs impressed me powerfully with their grotesque conventions. These turned up later in caricature.

There also was *Punch,* the inimitable treasure-house of quiet laughter, in which I took continual delight in the drawings of John Leech, Tenniel, and Charles Keene. Initial letters, such as Thackeray drew, were a perpetual joy.

There was also a rare, radiant volume in a stodgy binding, "Black Art," a practical treatise on printing, which worked enduring enchantment upon every boy who read it.

Opportunity throwing in our way the complete outfit of a commercial-school press, left behind by a fugitive tenant, through the months of the long vacation, year after year, we put in our days in issuing an amateur newspaper, *The Little Messenger,* in a low-raftered loft over the coach-house, next to which was our theater.

We all there mastered the rudiments of the printer's art,

"The Peddler takes the basket — Not the Wife!"

From the play, "The Basket."

and there gained a practical familiarity with type, presses, and composition which served us all well, myself in particular.

There are golden spots on every man's road. One of mine was when I sold to *Life* an absurd Assyrian bas-relief drawing to illustrate the story of Jonah as a medicinal advertisement. Never well-paid, I still thought the check which I found in my mail a sorely inadequate one. Grateful, however, for anything, I handed it to the cashier, and with mute astonishment watched him count from his drawer bill after bill, not fives, but tens, until the pile lay like a cabbage: instead of seven-fifty, the check was for seventy-five! Maintaining a nonchalant attitude of composure until I reached the bank corner, I broke into a run, top-speed, for home; I hardly touched the ground. With glad heart throbbing like a drum I burst into the kitchen where my mother sat, peeling potatoes, for we were truly poor. "Mother!" I shouted, "Look here!" and with a great toss I sent the handful of greenbacks whirling into the air, falling like a shower upon her, and slowly gyrating to the floor, while I danced around the room, snapping my fingers, and crying out for true joy.

In that hard time it seemed a voucher from Providence that I might yet succeed. Few things have ever given me more genuine joy than that check for seventy-five dollars. How grateful I was to old Layard's *Nineveh,* which had given me that vehicle for absurdity, as I had pored over it, years before, in the old town library!

Thus, often and often, the books which I read when I was young come back again like echoes in all that I have done, transformed into fresh absurdities and unforeseen grotesques.

Even my love of silhouettes, in which odd medium oftenest my fancy has found expression, was first inspired by the happy, homely humor and beauty of older German silhouettists, in "Ueber Land und Meer," and "Fliegende Blaetter," in the old town library, long ago, touched to life by the later work of Hopkins and Howard Pyle.

"REALMS OF GOLD INCLUDING BOOKS"

THE Bookshop for Boys and Girls when it opened in 1916 published a catalogue of books entitled — "Books for Boys and Girls, a Suggestive Purchase List." This list was revised and supplemented at various later dates but not since 1922 has an entirely new edition been undertaken.

This fall Doubleday, Doran & Co. will publish a very much expanded "suggestive purchase list" under the title "Realms of Gold Including Books." The editors of the Horn Book have worked together on it, and it is with mingled hopes and fears that they await its appearance in the early fall.

The Bookshop for Boys and Girls is now in its eleventh year and it has been our wish to present in this new edition of the book list, out of the richer knowledge of the books which has come with the years, the color, variety, and charm of the field of children's own books and at the same time through the inclusion of books not written for young people, but to be enjoyed by them, to suggest the possibilities of books as guides, philosophers, and friends, — in other words to lead to a lasting love of books.

The book list is divided into three parts: — books for the nursery; books for children; books for boys and girls. These classifications cover roughly the age groups 1-4; 4-8; 8-16.

It was in July, 1927, that work on the list began, and as the idea was to make it as unhackneyed and different as possible, a fresh examination of all the volumes to be included was undertaken. For the most part this has actually been done, and often examination has led to rereading, and rereading to regrouping, so that we believe the result is a more interesting arrangement. It may not be in all ways an improvement on other lists, but it cannot help but serve wider needs.

As we have said the book was commenced in July and continued slowly as other Bookshop business grudgingly

allowed it time throughout the winter and spring. At times the task seemed endless and hopeless, and its ideals impossible to fulfill. There was always the difficulty of keeping abreast of the newer books, of deciding what to omit and what to include, of weighing relatively, and of being as honest as possible in our reactions. Of course there are mistakes. Undoubtedly some books we think very highly of have been left out entirely or have not had their due notice, but we have done our best to make a book that will be valuable to all who are interested in young people and in books — parents, teachers, librarians, booksellers, and boys and girls themselves. And more than that we hope it will reflect in some measure our own enthusiasm and wholehearted interest and our own delightful experiences with books.

There have been times when work was halted because one or the other of us became too absorbed to move on. I have seen my collaborator so deep in a book that I knew well she had read more than once, and had in fact already placed and annotated satisfactorily that I undertook to remonstrate.

"Look here!" I said, "you've put that in. What are you reading it again for? No fair!"

Her only answer was a muffled chuckle of enjoyment and a total disregard of me and my distracted thumbing of slips. The next time I was the offender myself, and just as unashamed.

This only goes to show that the making of the book list was not a continuous, laborious thumbing of slips and alphabetizing of authors, but a truly delightful revivifying of our whole contact with our stock in trade.

In and throughout the various sections notes about the authors and illustrators have been inserted perhaps in unequal proportion but as our interest compelled. (One collaborator developed a Maria Edgeworth complex and showed every inclination to devote unlimited pages to her!) At the beginning is a chapter on the history of children's

books and at the end is a brief chapter on modern tendencies with a short account of the Bookshop and its work.

Last but by no means least, the book is lavishly illustrated with pictures which show how much illustrators are doing toward making distinctive books for young people, and that these same illustrators may have a share in attention there is a fine representation of them in the "Who's Who Among Modern Illustrators" which appears at the end of the volume.

Such is "Realms of Gold Including Books," and we hope that the choice of title from Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" may seem entirely appropriate, and to many readers it may open a new and unexplored realm which we like to think lies on the slopes of Mt. Parnassus itself, — the realm of books for boys and girls. May the end of that same sonnet come to these same readers' minds.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

OTHER CHILDREN'S BOOK DEPARTMENTS SINCE 1918

THE influence of Louise Seaman and her department at The Macmillan Company has been wider even than that of her books. Because she brought so much ability and vigor to her work, the Doubleday, Page Company, when that firm wished to establish a Children's Department in 1922, had perforce to look for the woman with the greatest potentialities. They succeeded in obtaining May Massee, then editor of the American Library Association Booklist. Miss Massee had been a distinguished Librarian and Children's Librarian. She has proved to have a genius for publishing what she now likes to call "Junior Books," and in some later number of The Horn Book we shall like to give a full presentation of her work. Already those who have a special interest in children's books must associate her name with volumes of such unusual beauty of form and context as Charles Falls' "A B C," "Poppy Seed Cakes," "Tales from Silver Lands" (A Newbery Medal Book), "Little Machinery," "Puck in Pasture," "Children of the Mountain Eagle," "Downright Dencey," "The Winged Horse," and others, for her list is long and its procession rather gorgeous.

In September, 1925, E. P. Dutton & Company appointed Miss Marion Fiery from Miss Anne Carroll Moore's Department of the New York Public Library for the same work. Miss Fiery is a young woman from Maryland, who had the fortunate chance to go on book trips into the wild Cumberland Mountains on the Washington County Library book truck sent out from Hagerstown, her home town. It was this experience which sent her to Pratt Institute for the children's library course. One of the books for which Miss Fiery is responsible is not only a very beautiful piece of book-making (thanks to that remarkable artist, Boris Artzybasheff) but has been awarded the Newbery Medal this year, thanks to its author, Dhan Mukerji.

At Longmans, Green's there is in charge of the Children's Department an interesting southern woman with wide experience as a children's librarian, Bertha Gunterman. Ella Young's rare book, "The Wonder Smith," came into being through Miss Gunterman and she has been responsible for those recent volumes, "Wonder Tales of China Seas," "Windmill Lands," and "Pirate Isles," compiled by Frances Jenkins Olcott, made to so perfectly play in with children's growing interest in, and knowledge of, other countries. They have tiny histories of the countries and dictionaries of strange typical words.

In 1926, Harper appointed a Vassar graduate, Virginia Kirkus, as head of its Children's Department. Miss Kirkus has obtained a new book for the fall from Anne Casserley, the author of that delightful book of 1927, "Michael of Ireland." Miss Kirkus, it is, too, who has published the fine Play Books — "The Play Book of Troy," "Of Robin Hood" and just lately of Columbus.

Lucile Gulliver in May, 1927, became the publisher of children's books for Little, Brown & Company. Miss Gulliver is author of several books, has written widely on books for newspapers and has had much contact with schools. Already her influence is seen in the advance copies of fall books coming from her house. These books show a new tastefulness throughout in their appearance, and we believe that Cornelia Meigs' "Clearing Weather" and Marion Lansing's "Magic Gold, a Story of Roger Bacon," will be two outstanding books of the fall.

The new publishing house of Coward, McCann organized its Children's Department coincident with the framing of the firm itself, and Katharine Ulrich, daughter of Dr. Mabel Ulrich, who has book stores in St. Paul and Minneapolis, is in charge of their children's books. Miss Ulrich's first books are appearing this fall.

It would be interesting to know how much Helen Dean Fish at the Frederick Stokes Company had to do with the appearance of the first "Dr. Dolittle" book. "The Story of Dr. Dolittle" has always stood in our memory as the first book of American manufacture to reach a high point in "ensemble dressing." Miss Fish would seem to be actually doing the work of other heads of Children's Departments. We have met her just once but were impressed by her ability and charm, and we can't help feeling that it is wise to have the head of a Children's Department known as such. It is the first step in establishing those contacts with interested persons in the outside world which are productive of rich results.

One head of a Children's Department has written the following bit of concrete testimony as to the influence in a matter of organization of the first Children's Department.

"It was a struggle in the beginning to take parts of jobs pertaining to children's books away from other departments, principally because there was so little understanding within the firm of what the job really meant. This does not, of course, apply to the head or heads of the firm who had made the appointment and had vision for it, but to the heads of departments. That is where Miss Seaman's pioneer work at Macmillan's was of such infinite help. I don't think I could have brought my department through whole without her precedent or else it would have taken twice as long. I take my hat off to her."

If we have not shown you that there is a sturdy, able and talented new spirit abroad in children's books we have failed miserably. At the same time we shall have to admit that we sometimes wonder what in the world we shall do with the books when all the leading publishers have Children's Departments with yearly outputs like that of Macmillan and Doubleday, Doran. We have not space to list all the fine books to be published this fall by the Children's Departments here mentioned, but we give below certain volumes of each.

B. E. M.

SOME OUTSTANDING BOOKS ON 1928 FALL LISTS OF CHILDREN'S BOOK DEPARTMENTS

May Massee's Books — Doubleday, Doran

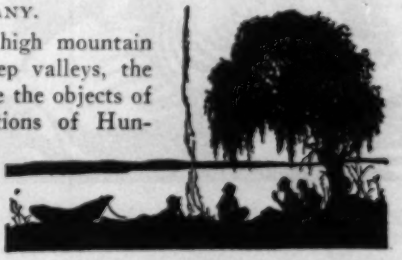
KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY OF NEW YORK $3.00

By WASHINGTON IRVING.
Edited by ANNE CARROLL MOORE and pictures by
JAMES DAUGHERTY.

Here is an event in the publishing world. The artist walked in to Miss Moore one day with a paper package of drawings he had made for the Knickerbockers just because the book had "taken possession of him." "I've wanted to make these pictures for years," said he. "I couldn't get away from the idea. It goes way back to hearing my mother read bits of it when I was a ten-year-old boy out in Ohio." And, moreover, Miss Moore acknowledges that "The Knickerbocker History" is the only book she has wanted to edit, and she has edited it only by taking out the long digressions which every reader probably skipped, and whose omission makes the book stand more strongly than ever for the object of its author. "My main object had a bearing wide from the sober aim of history, but one which I trust will meet with some indulgence from poetic minds. It was to embody the traditions of our city in an amusing form; to illustrate its local humors, customs and peculiarities; to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home." It seems to us that this fine old book has come alive at absolutely its proper moment. Here is humor and wit, fun and merriment, and genuine cleverness withal.

TISZA TALES 5.00

By ROSIKA SCHWIMMER.
Illustrated by WILLY POGANY.



Historic castles and ruins on high mountain peaks, unfathomable lakes in deep valleys, the rivers and the endless lowland, are the objects of stories told to countless generations of Hungarian children and retold in this volume. The author has placed several groups of the stories in characteristic folk-scenes. An unconventional traveler in Hungary who wished to get near to the intimate life of its people, might find a night's rest in a fisher-hut on the river Tisza and hear stories much like those the author relates in "The Fisherman on the Tisza." A winter

One of James Daugherty's many drawings for the "Knickerbocker History of New York"

night in a snow-covered village might give the foreigner a chance to witness a corn-husking gathering or a Spinning Feast. In summer, wandering in the puszta, the evening would bring him inevitably to one of the myriads of shepherds' fires. All these are great story-telling occasions. And with stories go singing, eating, smoking and flute-playing. That is why you find so much that is fine and natural and genuine in these stories. A very beautifully made book.

POLLY PATCHWORK .75

By Rachel Field.

The Kate Greenaway of America has written what seems to us her very nicest book. The story of a little girl whose grandmother made her a dress out of a patchwork quilt. Polly hated to wear this dress but she felt better about it when the dress helped her to win the spelling match. "What did I tell you?" said Grandmother. "It isn't everybody can have an experienced dress like yours to give them advice when they need it." Not only a delightful story with charming pictures but a little book brimful of New England spirit, the land and the people.

HERODOTUS, THE FIRST EUROPEAN HISTORIAN 2.00

By Gordon King.

Illustrated in black and white by Boris Artzybasheff.

"Herodotus, the Greek, tells these stories in order that the deeds of men may not be lost, and that great and wonderful actions, whether performed by Greeks or barbarians, shall live and remain fresh in our memories. Besides these and other matters, he tries to answer the question why they waged war upon each other."

AN AMERICAN FARM 2.00

By Rhea Wells.

The whole panorama of life on a farm in Tennessee told from the standpoint of two boys, David and Peter, their good times but especially the busy life in the midst of which they lived and which they shared.

They raise the food they eat, have their grain ground by the village miller and their horses shod by the blacksmith. An unusual book in its blend of exact information on rural occupations, its true characterization of the people of the southern hill country and the beauty of the scene. Written and illustrated by an artist, it is naturally filled with pictures — full page and many charming smaller ones. We have no other book just like this.

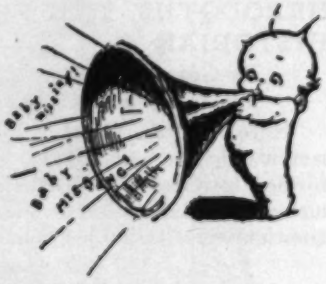
TARTUK, AN ARCTIC BOY 1.75

By Helen Loman and Marjorie Flack.
Illustrated in color and black and white by Marjorie Flack.

Helen Loman has lived in Alaska since she was eight years old and last year she took the same trip Tartuk takes to the reindeer round-up. Tartuk lives in a modern village and goes to the mission school in winter. The story tells of his life in summer with Kopak and Natsuk, his dogs, and Fairy, his little cousin; how he goes on a long journey in an Eskimo boat, and to the reindeer round-up at Choris on the Arctic Ocean.

THE KEWPIES AND THE RUNAWAY BABY 1.50

By Rose O'Neil.



Baby Missing! Baby Missing!!!
The Mouse told the Rabbit, the Rabbit told the Frog, the Frog told the Squirrel, the Squirrel told the Hoptoad, the Hoptoad hopped and hopped and hopped and told the Chicadee, the Chicadee told the Quawk, and the Quawk said: — "Mercy me, we must tell the Kewpies!"
'Tis the Kewpies who conduct the hunt and they found him, too — but what baby do you think it was? A delicious nursery tale and a truly delightful and amusing picture book.

RUMBLING WINGS 3.00

By Arthur B. Parker (Gawaso Wanneh).
Illustrated in color and black and white.

Mr. Parker is director of the Municipal Museum of Science in Rochester, New York. One of his ancestors was Jikonsaseh, titular ruler of all the Huron-Iroquois people, and Mr. Parker spent his boyhood among the Seneca-Iroquois where he heard the stories he tells in this book from the wise men of the tribe. In his first book, "Skunny-Wundy," and in this new book, we feel that the author succeeds in bringing this Indian literature nearer boys and girls, more as Joel Chandler Harris brought the negro tales in "Uncle Remus."

Angelo Patri has written "Pinocchio in America" in which the real "Pinocchio" seems to live. Pictures by Mary Liddell ($2.00). Monica Shannon has a new volume of delightful new California Fairy Tales, — "Eyes for the Dark," pictures by C. E. Millard, $2.50. Marguerite Clément has written a lively story of a little French boy, Johnny, and his beloved dog, Bobby, with pictures by the Petershams. The title is "Where Was Bobby?" Edith Rickert has written "The Blacksmith and the Blackbirds," another fine nursery tale, with pictures by "Jimmie the Ink," but one glance at the pictures will tell you they are Jimmie Daugherty's. Elizabeth MacKinstry has made pictures for George Macdonald's "Princess and the Goblin," and there are still other books on this list which we've not had time to examine, and it's fortunate we haven't, for there's positively not a scrap more space for them in this *Horn Book*.

"The Blacksmith and the Blackbirds"

Marion Fiery's Books — E. P. Dutton & Company

COUNT BILLY 2.50

By Greville Macdonald.
Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford.

Those who have read Mr. Macdonald's "Billy Barnicoat" will perhaps welcome this continuation of his story, will be glad to have him reinstated in his castle in Spain. The first book told how he was saved from the wreck of the *Santissima Maria* and brought up by a fisherman's family in a Cornish village. He is a strange, imaginative, illusive young man who through a set of unusual occurrences finds himself back in the land of his fathers and the Conde de Tierras Lejanas. However, he slips away again from his castle, travels through Spain with his guitar and his dog and finally returns to Primrose Cottage in the Cornish fishing village. This reader at least would have been better satisfied not to have had him grow up, but then she is averse to sequels in the first place and in the second she does not care for meanderings through Green Gates which are labelled "To Fairyland," but which seem only to be a maze of inconsistencies, and not especially pleasing adventures.

THE SWORDS OF THE VIKINGS 2.50

By Julia Davis Adams.

These stories are of the old Danish demi-gods and heroes as related by Saxo the Chronicler who was the first Danish historian (about 1150-1206 A. D.). The stories which are simply told include The Five Adventures of Hading; The Warrior Princess; The Death of Balder

the Beautiful; Amleth, Prince of Denmark; Uffe the Silent; The Quick Wit of Erik; Starkad's Vow; Modest Syrithe; The Faithful Maiden; The White Hound of Orluff; The Far Journeys of Thorkill; The Perils of Sigrid; A Viking's Death.

* * *

Other books on Miss Fiery's list which we have not yet seen but of which we shall have more to say in the November issue are Dhan Mukerji's new book, "Ghond: the Hunter." Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Ruskin's "Dame Wiggins of Lee" with Kate Greenaway's pictures ($1.00). "The House at Pooh Corner," another book for all who loved "Winnie-the-Pooh," by A. A. Milne ($2.00). A new book by Caroline Emerson whose "Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales" we liked so much: "A Hat-Tub Tale, or From the Shores of the Bay of Fundy" ($2.25). We don't have nearly enough genuine nonsense. "The Night Before Christmas," illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry.

"Knickerbocker History of New York"

Virginia Kirkus's Books — Harper & Brothers

OLLE'S SKI TRIP 2.00

By Elsa Beskow.

ANN GREEN, AUNT BROWN AND AUNT LAVENDER 2.25

By Elsa Beskow.

We have known and delighted in these Swedish picture books, and we welcome them with their text translated by Siri Andrews.

STORIES OF THE GORILLA COUNTRY
WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR
MY APINGI KINGDOM
THE COUNTRY OF THE DWARFS
LOST IN THE JUNGLE each 2.00

A new edition with good clear type, rather uncertain binding, and pictures by Erick Berry.

The following books we have not seen but have selected from the Fall List as being ones in which we shall have a special interest: —

First of all, of course, "The Whins of Knockattan and Other Stories," by Anne Casserley ($1.50).

"The Book of Indian Crafts and Indian Lore," by Julian Salomon ($3.50). "The Boys' Life of the Wright Brothers," by Mitchell V. Charnley ($2.00).

"Toottleoo Two," by the two Darwins, Bernard and Elinor ($2.00).

"Alphabet People," by Lois Lenski ($2.50).

Two new Playbooks, "King Arthur" and "George Washington."

Lucile Gulliver's Books — Little, Brown & Company

MAGIC GOLD, A STORY OF ROGER BACON 2.00

By MARION LANSING.
Pictures by FRANK MCINTOSH.

It seems strange enough that we have not had before this a fine book on this scientist of the middle ages, one of the most interesting characters of his time, whose wisdom made him foresee so many wonders of our own day. Miss Lansing has written a book about Roger Bacon as a boy, living in his father's castle, Haddon Towers, in 1225, helping Michael the Alchemist in his workshop in one of the Towers. Not only is the story a fine introduction to Roger Bacon, but it also does for boys and girls what William Stearns Davis' "Life on a Medieval Barony" does for their elders, — it gives a complete and vivid picture of life at that time.

CLEARING WEATHER 2.00

By CORNELIA MEIGS.
Pictures by FRANK TOBIAS.

A splendid story, — Miss Meigs' very best so far, in our opinion. The story of young Nicholas Drury's struggle to maintain his uncle's shipyard in a Massachusetts town in the difficult years following the Revolution when the new government was in process of birth and there were many people in the states working for its death. The people of the town of Branscombe are dependent upon the shipbuilding, and the struggle of Nicholas, a man of nineteen, to build the beautiful ship "Jocasta," out of nothing financially but with the coöperation of his workmen; the long months of hardship after the "Jocasta" sailed when no word was heard of her; the thrilling story of the "Jocasta's" voyage with "clearing weather" at last for the ship, for Nicholas and for Branscombe — make a book which reminds one of Conrad's "Youth" in its picture of courageous struggle, long sustained. The story *marches* grandly and is so distinguished a piece of work that we shall give it real space in the November magazine.

There is a new book by Aldis Dunbar, whose "Sons of O'Cormac" we have known and liked. The new book is called "Once There Was a

Prince," and tells of the adventures and hardships undergone by a brave young Prince to prepare himself to be the leader of his people and to free them from oppression by intriguing relatives. The setting is in a wild mountainous region, with romantic caves, and there are plenty of thrills to this story which makes a strong start but does not maintain its

Drawing by Frank McIntosh for Marion Lansing's "Magic Gold" (Little, Brown & Company)

promise throughout. This is criticism from a grown-up point of view, however, for a book which is nowhere commonplace and is full of a genuine romantic flavor.

We are glad to have the bright new editions of Mrs. Mary P. Wells Smith's "Jolly Good Times at School" and Mrs. Tileston's "Sugar and Spice."

"Knickerbocker History of New York"

Katharine Ulrich's Books — Coward-McCann

MILLIONS OF CATS 1.25

By Wanda Gág.

A simple picture book tale of a kindly old man who goes searching for a kitten for his wife. He finds — millions of cats. First he chooses this one, then that, until at last millions follow him home. The pictures are unusually interesting. Those who do not know the work of this artist will have an opportunity to read of her in the October *Century*.

THE RED HORSE 1.50

By Elsa Moeschlin.

We have had this gay picture book from Germany but welcome it with English text. The wooden horse, Trott-trott, comes to life because it was carved from wood which held the green heart of a tree, and the horse and his master, Peter, journey away over the hills and mountains to the home of the old woodcarver who made the Red Horse.

TIMOTHY TRAVELS 2.50

By Daisy Neumann.

Here is a new and successful travel book. Timothy and his mother follow no guide-book or travel bureau route but go in a foot-loose adventurous way full of romance and fascination for young and old alike. The author, who is in the twenties, has spent most of her life in Europe, and there is, too, a depth of real knowledge of the countries and their history in the book.

* * *

We feel eager to see, too, Eunice Tietjens' "Boy of the Desert," for she has lived herself in North Africa and a poet's book is always interesting.

B. E. M.